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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE decision to authorize the 8th Royal Irish Hussars to take part in French manoeuvres in the Rhineland is such a stupendous piece of clumsiness that we cannot believe any member of the Government was consulted about it. The French papers, it is true, declare that these manoeuvres will be carried out on a grand scale not by the French troops of occupation alone, but by the French Army as a whole, and they add that the request for British participation was made through the Quai d'Orsay and the Foreign Office. Whitehall on the other hand—like the lady with the baby of doubtful parentage—declares that they are only "very little" manoeuvres, nothing more than "ordinary exercises on a small scale," and that British co-operation is "illustrative of the comradeship that has grown up between the armies of the two Powers since the outbreak of the great war." It is bad enough that French and British troops should remain on German territory three years after the signature of the Locarno treaties; that they should thus advertise the closeness of their co-operation a fortnight after the announcement of the Franco-British compromise on armaments and a fortnight before the signature of the Kellogg Pact in Paris is inexcusable.

At the moment of writing it is still uncertain whether Dr. Stresemann will come to Paris in person. Should he do so, it will be a notable act, for a man needs courage to visit the capital of an ex-enemy country whose troops still occupy a part of his native land. It is argued that by accepting M. Briand's invitation, the German Foreign Minister may have an opportunity of discussing the evacuation of the Rhineland, but French concessions on this point could only be obtained at a price which Germany would refuse to pay, and in any case it would seem more reasonable to carry out such negotiations in Geneva. Despite the pressure of public opinion at home, we are inclined to believe that Herr Stresemann will leave the question of the evacuation severely alone. The presence of Mr. Kellogg in Paris might give rise to a general discussion of the allied, but much more important, problem of reparations and war debts.

News from Nanking is on the whole satisfactory, and the fact that the British and Nationalist Governments have reached a settlement of the unfortunate incidents that took place in that city seventeen months ago should help Chiang Kai-shek in his efforts to maintain a quorum at the Kuomintang Congress. British subjects on the spot feel that we should have stood out for more

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abject apologies; but the Nationalist Government to-day has very little more resemblance to the Nationalist Government of seventeen months ago than the Bolshevik regime has to that of M. Kerensky, and it is time people realized that the present Government in Nanking is the only Government which stands the slightest chance of restoring order in China. The correspondence between the British Consul-General in Shanghai and Dr. C. T. Wang, the Nationalist Minister for Foreign Affairs, is fully in keeping with Sir Austen Chamberlain's dignified and constructive declarations of December, 1926, and January, 1927. The British Government have every reason to be proud of their policy towards China.

The attitude of Japan continues to cause astonishment and alarm. As a result, partly, no doubt, of Sir Austen Chamberlain's recent declaration in the House of Commons that he looked upon Manchuria as essentially Chinese, the Government in Tokyo have been at pains to declare that they would not dream of ordering Chang Hsueh-liang, the Governor of Manchuria, to break off his negotiations with Chang Kai-shek. But at the same time there is news from Mukden that Baron Hayashi, one of the most experienced of Japanese diplomats, has gone so far as to threaten a blockade should the Nationalist flag be hoisted on Manchurian soil. We are even given details of the methods by which this blockade is to be enforced. Although we are not aware that the Japanese showed much sympathy for us when we were in difficulties with the Nationalists, we can fully understand their resentment at the scrapping of the Sino-Japanese treaty. But a policy which looks suspiciously like an effort to obtain a protectorate over Manchuria cannot be expected to win British support.

Although the death of Stephen Raditch has fortunately not yet given rise to disturbances in Yugoslavia, we are unable to see any signs of improvement in the relations between Serbs and Croats. At Raditch's funeral Dr. Trumbitch, the Croat leader, went so far as to talk of a "divorce" between the two peoples. The Croat demands are now well known—autonomy for Croatia and the other ethnical groups and a fairer distribution of taxation. They dream of "one united Slav people from the Adriatic to the Black Sea"; such a federation, difficult to imagine at the best of times, is obviously out of the question while the Serbs look upon themselves as the senior partners. It is now for the Government in Belgrade to say how far they will go towards meeting these Croat claims. We wish we could feel that M. Raditch's death had made them realize the magnitude of the crisis towards which they are drifting, and the error of their belief that dictatorial methods are a sign of strength.

The Air Force has had an excellent Press for its mimic air raids on London. The raids have certainly provided Londoners with an interesting spectacle, and indeed it may be that their chief value resides in thus focusing the attention of the

people personally concerned on the problem of aerial defence. It is almost impossible to gauge with any approach to accuracy the amount of damage supposed to have been done or the extent of the casualties inflicted on the bombers; but it is only too clear that London, or any other city, is at the present time almost completely at the mercy of invading aircraft. A war of attrition on the enemy's aerodromes and machines would no doubt in time have considerable effect, but with the number and size of the bombs which large modern air fleets now carry and the appalling potency of the newest poison gases, a city would be laid waste long before the effects of such action began to be felt.

Apart from the practical value of the manoeuvres to the men in the air, they ought to have proved a useful recruiting agency, and they were certainly excellent propaganda for a larger Air Force. The ground has been prepared and we may expect to see a demand for expansion between now and the time when the Air Estimates are presented. Whether more machines would make London safer must be left to the experts: the mere layman, watching the operations from a point with a wide view, was struck particularly with the need for many more searchlights. It must also have occurred to a good many Londoners to wonder whether, unknown to them, there are somewhere stored away a matter of seven or eight million gas masks which can be quickly handed out to the civilian population in case of need. One other result of the week's sky-gazing we should not be surprised to see is a considerable increase in the number of accidents to pedestrians.

A milestone in the transport revolution which is taking place in this country was marked during the week by the journey of the first "sleeper" motor-coach from London to Liverpool. To this kind of enterprise the railways will have to make a very determined reply if they are to succeed in arresting the drift away from steam to petrol. There are some signs that they mean to do so. In various local areas they are now cutting passenger fares to the level of, or below, those of competing omnibus rates. The results are said to be very satisfactory. That is not so surprising as that the companies should not have attempted this before and attempted it on a much wider scale. A reduction of rates and further cheap ticket facilities not only locally but throughout the country would quickly bring an increase of passenger traffic. This is an age of cheap popular travel and the railways can get their share of it by cheapening, brightening and enlarging the facilities they offer.

Considering the character of the population menaced by the weakening of the Kashmir ice dam, it is very unfortunate that a false alarm was given. It is true that the premature warning was followed by prompt and more or less smoothly worked evacuation of the threatened areas, so that the responsible officials may congratulate themselves on having drawn up a sound scheme. But it is always difficult to persuade villagers living

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scores of miles down the rivers of Northern India that events high up in the Himalayas may result in the utter destruction of their homes, and the true warning may be dismissed as another premature signal. The Attock bridge, however, is probably safe. Assuming that the flood will bring the water well above the record of past inundations, there will still be a wide margin of clearance. For the rest, almost all depends on the rainfall of the next ten days. If the bursting of the dam coincides with a period of heavy rain, nothing can avert very great damage.

Sir Ali Imam, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. Motilal Nehru being among the signatories of the report issued by the so-called All-Parties Conference, the new Constitution for India propounded therein must be taken with a measure of seriousness. But, to say nothing of many faulty details, the scheme is vitiated by an optimism about the political capacity of the bulk of the Indian peoples for which there is no ground in experience, and by the total inability of its authors to see that the problem of the Native States cannot be conjured away. It has this in common with the much more nebulous outline of a Constitution which the British Chambers of Commerce have put themselves to the pain of producing: it approves of large concessions with petty safeguards. If facts be looked in the face, safeguards are out of the question. Home Rule must either be conceded or withheld. Juggling compromises mean that Home Rulers are eventually left with the feeling of having the shadow of power without the substance, and that the British authorities become mere meddlers instead of directors of policy. Somewhere there must be full responsibility with full power to discharge it. *Carte blanche* for the "peoples" with an arbitrary power of veto vested in the Viceroy is not a workable system of government.

Most people have an instinctive dislike of chemical preservatives in food, and will not be cured of it because some of the best medical opinion now inclines to bless rather than ban their use. But if we are to do without preservatives, we must be provided with the means of keeping perishable food in condition. This country lags behind in all that relates to small-scale refrigeration for petty retail shops and, what is still more needed, for modest homes. So far as the ordinary flat-dweller is in question, ice is a difficulty. It ought to be obtainable at much lower rates without the least difficulty, and the first firm with the enterprise to deliver it at the door in small quantities will reap its reward. It ought to be as much a matter of course as the pint of milk at the door of a morning. Ice-boxes ought to be cheaper, which increased demand would make them, and also a matter of course. Propaganda in this regard, together with popular instruction in the keeping of food, might well be undertaken by workers for the national health. The average servant, when she has left all condiments exposed to promote evaporation of their savour, and placed the uncorked vinegar next to the unstopped decanter of wine, puts uncooked meat and fish in the hottest part of the kitchen and hopes for the best.

THE POLICE COMMISSION

WHATEVER the faults of the Home Secretary may be, he is not bound in the official half-calf (like some of his predecessors) and is quick to respond to public opinion. Lord Lee of Fareham, the Chairman of the new Royal Commission on Police Methods, has a curiously mixed body of colleagues, but the names look efficient, and of not one of them can it be said in advance what he or she (for there are two women) is likely to think. That is a good start. Moreover, the terms of reference are wide enough to cover most of the causes of recent trouble. One point seems to be left doubtful. Much of the coldness between police and people that has been so noticeable of late is due not to the methods of investigating crime but to multiplication of the occasions of collision between the police and decent honest citizens. So minute and multifarious are the regulations about how we shall eat, drink, move and have our being that it is rare, these days, to find a respectable suburban paterfamilias who does not land himself in a police court twice a year, and, quite seriously, these irritations do subtract from the natural sympathy that should subsist between respectability and men in blue.

The first instruction to the Committee is to "consider the general powers and duties of the police in the investigation of crime and offences." "Offences" is a very general term, but it is doubtful whether it would stretch to cover these minor occasions of conflict between public and police. It would certainly cover park misdemeanours in which a case has to be worked up, and the Commission, as we read the instructions, would certainly have a right to enquire whether it should be the duty of the park police to investigate improprieties by prowling round bushes or merely to make the parks safe from offence to decent people in their walks. The criticism has been made in one quarter that a policeman is a man in blue and that what he does when he works in plain clothes is therefore outside the scope of the enquiry, but that is surely merely frivolous.

Broadly, however, the main business of the Committee will be to enquire into police methods in the investigation of crime proper. English law differs from other systems of law, notably those descended from Rome, in that it is primarily studious to protect the rights of the individual whereas other systems think first of the general interests of the community. When a prosecution has once begun no system of criminal justice is so scrupulously fair to the accused as the English. Where else is it recognized as the duty of the prosecuting counsel for the Crown not to press a case unduly against a prisoner but to be the dispassionate and fair-minded if relentless searcher after the truth? But this very fair-mindedness of the law proper has thrown an additional burden on the police. Abroad the judge of first instance is in fact a prosecuting counsel; he seeks to terrify the suspected man, he

reconstructs the crime and watches his face narrowly for signs of guilt, he will trap him into a confession if he can. The English law, in its sharp separation of judicial and executive functions, knows nothing of such legal processes, and where it refuses to tread the police do. It is they who have to obtain the evidence on which a prosecution is based. The judges have laid down elaborate rules on what the police should or should not do in interrogating a suspect, but they are not always observed either in letter or in spirit. The "third degree" methods in the United States are as alien from the spirit of their law as from ours, but they are generally used, and the excuse offered is that without them too many undoubted criminals would escape punishment from lack of evidence. Since the war these methods have crept into the police practice of England, and it will be the principal duty of the Commission to investigate how far, to curb the licence of zeal where it transgresses the rights of the individual and generally to reconcile liberty of the subject with the duty of the police to preserve law and order and to bring the guilty to trial. The instinct of the police when a crime has been committed is to get someone put on his trial for it. The instinct of the average Englishman is that it is better that nine criminals should escape than that one honest man should be unjustly treated and abused of his rights as a free man.

The Pace case is undoubtedly the one out of many which has most impressed the public with the need for enquiry. It shows in sharp antithesis two opposite tendencies in the English system of administering justice. The speech of Sir Boyd Merriman in prosecuting Mrs. Pace was a model of what such speeches should be in its scrupulous fairness and moderation. But contrast it with the dreadful time that Mrs. Pace had at the hands of the police before she was arrested. Once arrested and imprisoned you are in the domain of law and are sure of perfect fairness. You must be brought to trial within a certain time and *Habeas Corpus* will protect you from indefinite detention until the case against you is complete. But before arrest (as was shown by the sufferings of Mrs. Pace) no *Habeas Corpus* will shorten your period of suspense or protect you from the third degree of police court questioning. For here you are in the domain of executive action, performed by policemen whose zeal may make them clumsy and cruel, and who in any case have no appreciation of points of law or the lawyer's sensibility to individual rights. A suspected man or woman in such a case is an individual fighting a machine, and the fight is an unequal one.

A useful direction of enquiry suggested by the terms of reference is in the relations between the Director of Public Prosecution and the police. Nothing in the Savidge case shocked so many people as the letter of Sir Archibald Bodkin, but he had no alternative but to instruct the police to work up evidence which might be used for or against some of their number. That was, in the

circumstances, to invite a scandal, and the suggestion is made that to avoid it the Director ought to have a staff of his own to take the necessary evidence. But if the Director is given such a staff and the working up of a case is taken out of the hands of the police and put into the hands of lawyers, why not extend this system? Why not in all cases restrict the police to evidence of fact pure and simple, and hand over the taking of all depositions to officers like the Scottish Procurators, who are lawyers? The present system under which a suspect can be kept hour after hour on the strain in a police office, and then asked to sign a statement which may or may not be accurate, is not fair and may amount to the third degree. It may be that only the trained mind of a lawyer can conduct these processes without unfairness, and in that case the Commission should not hesitate to suggest a modification of our criminal procedure. For in these matters the fault is usually with the system and with the theory rather than with the individual who tries to work them.

THE BRIGHTON REPRIEVE

THE Home Secretary will have to produce important new evidence to justify his sudden change of mind over the sentence on the three Brighton murderers. The facts of the case, as at present divulged, are quite plain. The three men, Taylor, Weaver and Donovan, were condemned to death by Mr. Justice Avory at Lewes Assizes for the murder of a man named Smith, who lived at Brighton and was 67 years old. The evidence on which they were found guilty of murder by the jury showed that on the night of April 14 they drove their victim to a lonely spot on the Downs and there assaulted him, robbing him of his watch and chain and Treasury notes, as a result of which treatment he subsequently died. The judge, whose summing-up was notably impartial, gave the jury every opportunity, had they found it in their consciences to do so, to bring in a verdict of manslaughter. They chose, nevertheless, a verdict of murder against all three men, with which the judge indicated his approval. The verdict was upheld on appeal. The Lord Chief Justice delivered judgment against the appeal, and, noting that the evidence on which the conviction was based was circumstantial, remarked that circumstantial evidence was very often the best kind of evidence. It did not in this case depend on the observation of a single circumstance, but was the result of the accumulation of many circumstances that proved the case with the accuracy of mathematics.

After the delivery of this judgment there was considerable activity among interested persons to get the men reprieved, and it was at one time reported that new evidence had come to hand

which cast a doubt on their guilt. This evidence, if it existed, failed to impress the authorities; indeed, it is now suggested that it was deliberately faked by disreputable associates of the murderers—as to which we are likely to hear more. The executions were fixed for Wednesday of this week. On Friday of last week the Chief Constable of Brighton reported that nothing had occurred since the trial to alter the position of the condemned men. "The situation is exactly the same to-day as it was at the time of the trial," he said. On Monday the Home Secretary, who had consulted with the judges concerned and with the Chief Constable of Brighton, sent to the legal representatives of the condemned men an official letter saying that he had "given careful consideration to all the circumstances of the case" and regretted that he had "failed to discover any grounds which would justify him in advising His Majesty to interfere with the due course of the law." But on the evening of the next day—the eve of the executions—another statement was issued, reversing this decision. "After a most anxious review of all the circumstances," it ran, "the Home Secretary decided to rescind his previous decision and has advised the commutation of the sentence of death in the case of each prisoner to one of penal servitude for life."

Apart from the fact that the "careful consideration" of Monday has become the "anxious review" of Tuesday, nothing new is revealed by the second statement. A long explanation was issued from the Home Office on Wednesday, but it explains nothing. It is, indeed, one of the most muddle-headed documents it has been our privilege to read for some time, and only confounds the issue. According to this document Sir William felt "just that element of doubt in this case which in his opinion makes it undesirable that the irrevocable penalty should be carried out." Earlier in the statement he admits that "it is not within the competence of the Home Secretary to re-try a case." Yet this is precisely what, in effect, he has done. It is useless for him to say that his action "does not cast any reflection upon the jury's verdict or the decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal"; whether he means it or not, this is just what it does. An "element of doubt" can only mean an element of doubt as to the correctness of the verdict. This is implied again in the use of the words "irrevocable penalty." If the Home Secretary feels this doubt he is right to act upon it, but he cannot leave the matter where it stands. He has either gone too far or not nearly far enough. If new evidence has come to light then there must be not merely a reprieve but complete reconsideration of the case. If the men are possibly not guilty then they are possibly innocent and a retrial should be ordered. The Home Secretary, bearing in mind the Slater case, cannot leave this matter where he has left it.

Commutation of sentence is normally made when there has been either a recommendation to mercy or at least some extenuating circumstance, or where new evidence has been produced since the trial. In this case none of these facts is present. It has been made public that the condemned men were known to the police as habitual blackmailers. There may be much to be said against capital punishment as such, but there is nothing to be said, while it remains the law of the land, against its enforcement on men found guilty of the cruel and calculated crime which these three murderers committed. The question of clemency ought not to enter into the decision: with such men the one and only consideration should be their guilt or otherwise. The Home Secretary, contrary to the opinion of judge, jury and Appeal Court, thinks there is an element of doubt; but it is here that the mystery deepens. For it has been authoritatively stated that his reversal of his decision was not based on any new evidence. We are offered no indication as to what can have happened to make him uncertain on Tuesday of that which he was certain of on Monday. Why did he change his mind? It is not a Home Secretary's business in reviewing the circumstances of a death sentence to consider the verdict, but only to consider the punishment. He cannot have thought the punishment ordained in this instance excessive for the crime or the record of the criminals; on the other hand, we have it on good authority that nothing fresh has come to light since the trial. Yet he has acted in a way that, whatever he may say or think, casts a doubt on the proceedings by which the men were tried and condemned. Unless some further facts are revealed to justify the reprieve and carry through its logical consequences we shall be left to the unsatisfactory conclusion that once again the Home Secretary has blundered.

RADITCH AND CROATIA

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Belgrade, August 12

UNTIL the murders in the Skupshtina last June it was freely stated, both in Zagreb and in Belgrade, that Serbo-Croatian relations would not improve until the death of M. Raditch. Had the Croatian peasant leader died a natural death, this improvement would almost certainly have taken place. As a practical politician Raditch was frankly impossible. But now the martyrdom of this half-blind, ugly, corpulent little man has made him a national hero and may have far more serious consequences for the unity of the Yugoslav State than he could ever have caused in his life-time.

Stephen Raditch was one of the most picturesque figures in European politics. His inconsistencies were almost unbelievable. All his life he fought the Magyars, but whenever any temporary advantage was to be gained he was always ready to compromise

with them. At one moment he anathematized the Bolsheviks, and yet he made the pilgrimage to Moscow. He detested Pashitch and nevertheless collaborated with him. He was a convinced Republican, and yet at the end King Alexander was his best friend and the one Serb in whom he had any confidence. His soul was incorruptible, but, when he acquired power, he filled his Ministries with incompetent friends and relations. Finally, after twenty years of bitter enmity, he made his peace with the turbulent Pribicevic, the leader of the Serbs in the liberated provinces, and collaborated loyally with the man who as Minister of the Interior in 1919 and 1920 had clapped him into prison! These eccentric inconsistencies gave the Serbs a very wrong impression of Raditch's character, and it is typical of the mental differences which divide the Croat from the Serb, that up to the last the Belgrade Junta should have believed that Raditch could be bought, if not with money, at least with power. In spite of the many weaknesses of his character, M. Raditch had two great qualities: his love for Croatia and his devotion to the Croatian peasantry. His whole life was given to these two causes, and, although his tactics were often puerile and sometimes directly harmful to his own people, his whole policy was inspired by a lofty idealism.

His influence over the Croatian peasantry was almost unbounded. They accepted his frequent *volte-face* without murmuring. Part of this almost supernatural power he owed to the fact that from his earliest days he had fought their battles. Even as a student he had travelled on foot from village to village throughout Croatia, Dalmatia, Slavonia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, seeking contact with the peasants and preaching the gospel of education and enlightenment. On their behalf he had been imprisoned by the Magyars and Austrians more than thirty times, until finally he had delivered his brothers of the soil from the Magyar yoke and had led them into the promised land. These services brought him a well-merited popularity. His silver-tongued speech made him the idol of the Croatian peasantry. A poet and a prince of orators, he would talk politics to his people in parables and fairy-tales, illustrated by a wealth of imagery and language which sprang spontaneously from his love of nature and from his profound knowledge of the human heart. He has been described frequently as a demagogue, a good Croatian, and a bad Yugoslav. Actually, he was none of these. He was something more than a demagogue, because behind the maelstrom of his oratory there was a quiet back-water of fixed ideals from which he never departed. He was not really a good Croatian, because his intransigent attitude in 1919 and 1920 was largely responsible for the impasse into which Serbo-Croatian relations have now drifted. Still less could he be called a bad Yugoslav, for in spite of his desire for federalization, he respected the unity of the Yugoslav State. Indeed, the great dream of his life was of a united peasant State, which would embrace all the Slav peoples of Southern Europe, including the Bulgarians.

Had he lived there is little doubt that he would have continued to respect this unity which is now so seriously threatened by his death. With all his faults he was the most imposing figure in Croatian politics, and to-day there is no one among his followers who seems capable of assuming his mantle. M. Pribicevic, his collaborator in the Serbo-Croatian coalition which they formed together, is a Serb with a somewhat chequered past. He is certainly not prepared to go so far as the latest Croat demands, which envisage a full autonomy with only a personal union under the king, and it is difficult to believe that he can retain for long the full confidence of Zagreb. Indeed, M. Pribicevic has always maintained that the struggle which M. Raditch and he have been waging

is not one between Serb and Croat, but a united campaign of all the Croats, Serbs, and Slovenes in the liberated provinces against the tyranny and corruption of Belgrade. There are good grounds for believing that M. Raditch would have continued to support this point of view. To-day there is a grave danger of the Croat Peasant Party falling under the influence of the extreme Nationalists and of the quarrel becoming a purely national one. In this connexion the fact that M. Trumbitch, the Croat federalist, has made his peace with the Raditch Party has a sinister portent. M. Trumbitch is a cultured man to whose nature any taint of demagoguery is quite foreign. He is, however, a theoretical politician with a very narrow range of vision and more even than any of his compatriots he has shown himself incapable of compromise.

At the present stage there is no denying the gravity of the situation. To the foreign observer it may seem the most obvious thing in the world that, in the interests of self-preservation, the two peoples must find a *modus vivendi*, that in union lies strength, and that disruption means the eventual restoration to the Magyar and the German of nearly everything that was gained in the war. An English public schoolboy with a grain of common sense could draw up in twenty-four hours the draft of a concordat which should prove acceptable to both peoples, and would provide a halfway house between the ultra-centralism of the Serbs and the ultra-federalism of the Croats. Unfortunately even half a grain of common sense seems lacking both in Zagreb and in Belgrade, and once more that fatal obstinacy, which in the past has brought so many disasters to the Slavs, is threatening to destroy a young nation to which a brilliant future seemed to have been promised.

Naturally there are faults on both sides. If the chief blame must be apportioned to Belgrade, the Croats themselves have committed many blunders. Had they followed the example of the Slovenes, had they made a serious effort from the beginning to collaborate with the Serbs, there is little doubt that their intelligence and superior education would have enabled them to play a leading rôle in the development of the new State. Instead, they have preferred to maintain a useless passive resistance, and have infuriated the Serbs almost to madness by their sneers at Serbian Orientalism and by tactless references to their own higher Western civilization. Incidentally, far too much credence has been given in this country to the plausible theory that Yugoslav unity is impossible because of the wide gulf which separates the Eastern civilization of the Serb from the Western civilization of the Croat. Admittedly the difference in religion is a serious bar to consolidation, but although Croatia has fewer illiterates, the veneer of Western civilization among the Croats is very thin. For centuries Croatia was under Hungary, and, whatever Hungarian culture may be it is certainly not Western European.

For Belgrade almost no criticism can be too strong. Animated from the beginning by the insane idea of a great Serbia, they have mishandled the Croats in the most senseless manner, denying them the places in the army and in the diplomatic service to which their abilities entitle them, and in which they might have rendered invaluable services to the new Yugoslavia. In their treatment of their minority populations the Serbs have repeated the worst mistakes of the Turk and of the Magyar; and with the same obstinacy which made them during the war such fine soldiers they have turned a blind eye to all the past lessons of history, and have tried to ride roughshod over a people who, because they are of the same race and speak the same language, are as obstinate and courageous as themselves.

Many foreigners will see in the present impasse a fresh illustration of the ineptitude of the Slavs for

self-government. But in spite of its seriousness the situation is not yet irreparable, and it is hard to believe that before the danger of a disruption, which can only gladden the hearts of all the common enemies of both Serb and Croat, common sense will not prevail. In the grave decisions which will have to be taken in Zagreb and Belgrade during the next few weeks Great Britain is directly interested, for disruption in Yugoslavia is a menace to the peace of Europe and consequently to the stability of this country. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the full force of British diplomacy will be employed in order to prevent anything in the nature of a definite break between the two peoples. Men like Mr. Seton-Watson and Mr. Wickham Steed, who enjoy great prestige among the Croats, can be relied on to counsel moderation in Zagreb, while in Belgrade the French will surely use their strong influence with the Serbs in order to obtain generous concessions for the sorely-tried Croats. The chief hope, however, lies in King Alexander, who in circumstances of exceptional difficulty has won a European reputation for his tactful statesmanship, and who has proved himself on many occasions the one man in his own kingdom who is capable of thinking and acting as a Yugoslav and not merely as a Serb or a Croat or a Slovene.

THE CAPITAL OF NOISE

BY ERNEST DIMNET

Paris

IS it true that an order has been issued in London forbidding motor-car hooting between eleven o'clock at night and six o'clock in the morning? What was the good?

There is no noise in London; Londoners do not know what noise means. I spent a week last year close to the Albert Hall. Several events ought to have made the cross-roads as noisy as they were busy, but hardly any horns were heard, and they sounded so discreet, so apologetic, that I felt like saying: "Oh! please, *ne vous gênez pas*, I am used to this and to ten thousand times more." I never cross Trafalgar Square without stopping for a few moments to enjoy the silence of it, for the subdued bass accompaniment to the traffic which you sybarites probably call hubbub strikes me as a form of silence.

Ah! but this fascinating Paris of ours truly is the capital of noise. I know that Rome and Madrid could put forward claims to the title. Andrew Lang used to say that Italians never go to bed. He really meant that Italians, having had their siesta during the best part of the afternoon, do not go to bed again after that till two in the morning. But in Spain who thinks of going to bed at two o'clock? *Las dos!* sings the *sereno* over six or seven crooked streets, but who cares? In Burgos, at *Las dos*, the military band, playing on the square, reappear from nobody knows where and strike up their number three as if tea were just over and there was all the time there is. But Burgos is a sleepy old cathedral town where I am sure most cigarette-smoking canons are in bed by three. Go to Toledo if you want to know what noise means, and lean against the oven walls of the Puerta Sol at four o'clock of an August morning if you want to know what a happy crowd streaming in means.

In Paris we can only rival that perfection by system, but we do it. Your Underground, as well as the much more dingy New York subway, is content with an electric bell to start the trains. Our Metro whistles, cuts the subterranean air with a razor of sound at starting and on arriving. There is not the ghost of a reason for it, and I, among fifty others, have often shown it in the newspapers; but the driver knows that his train would not budge if he did not whistle, and he goes through the rite. One day I

observed to a driver that he had forgotten to whistle us in or out of the last five stations. My intention was to let him see how useless his whistle was, but his reflex was for whistling five times at once in answer.

Goods trains look like dumb, stupid creatures on their side-tracks in the daytime. But no sooner are the lights up than they begin a hellish conversation with the lantern-waving fellow who pulls forward or pushes back their loose chain-clanging assemblage. The lantern ought to be enough, is enough in fact in most parts of Europe, to tell the engineer that he is not quite near enough yet, or is just ten feet past his place, but it is not enough. A horn has to be added. Toot, toot, goes the lantern as it waves up and down, or to and fro, or round and round. Hiss! replies the engine in the tone of a startled maniac not sure about anything, while people five kilometres away are given notice that the engine moves ten feet back or forth and forty trucks begin a demonstration of causality. Sometimes the lantern vanishes, perhaps because a half-awake pub happens to be on the other side of the paling. The madman does not bear the disappearance very long. Soon he gives five long whistles bespeaking insufferable distress.

I spent a few weeks at Nevers during the war. The many British who were stationed there can hardly have forgotten that there the madman was cheerful and used to play tunes with his whistle to the whole town. A goods train in France is pre-eminently a whistle. The *ordonnance* of 1846 prescribing that "trains shall make use of their whistle when they move in or out of a station, in or out of a trench, passing on or under a bridge, in or out of a tunnel, at cross-roads and *passages à niveau*, also whenever a group of people is sighted," has become obsolete for fast trains since 1910 or thereabouts, but goods trains still regard it as their charter and keep one-fifth of France awake in consequence.

Towards morning they relapse into their daytime stolidity, but at a quarter to five the sirens of suburban factories begin. Waking-up whistle; are-you-ready whistle; march-in whistle. Never two blowing together. It would be a sinful waste, and each man has a right to his own noise. During the last ten months of the war this whistling was prohibited as it might sound unduly like the anti-aircraft signal. Pretty, tinkling electric bells were substituted. Every man in perfect time as the day before! But the day after the armistice the howling was started again and with renewed fury.

At a quarter to six churches ring the *Angelus*—nine quiet bells at first, as if the bellringer realized that, nobody except the curates being up, discretion should be used; but a volley promptly comes, active and prolonged as if the *sonneur* down below felt sure this is his last chance. Here and there, even at Notre Dame, alas! the bellringer has been replaced by electricity, and the noblest bell becomes a tin-pan.

Quarter-past six the boats, the boats on the Seine! They have captains and crews, crews of one, sometimes the captain's wife, but being boats and being provided with black funnels like the real thing they are also provided with sirens. The same as on transatlantic liners. The Seine is nowhere broad enough for the volume of sound they produce, so the whole town vibrates again. But what is the whistling for? Bridges, passing under the bridges, funnel too high, everything too big. The captain in his melon glass sees a bridge drawing near—there is one every hundred yards—he knows that pull-the-rope, who is reclining at ease a few steps behind him, sees it too; at all events he might be satisfied with admonishing him with a little whistle from his lips, but he forces the innocent steam through the siren, and the rope is pulled and down goes funnel, while the whole town vibrates again.

By that time Paris is pretty well awake, and the garages disgorge their hundreds of motor-cars, lorries or taxis, and the daily pandemonium begins; that is to say, the national delight in noise, with climaxes of intoxication or fury, is given full play. The French chauffeur thinks he only gives five, seven or nine toots—as his sense of rhythm dictates when he comes near a corner, which is all the time, or when he sees a terrified old woman not knowing which way to go, or when, with that *maëstria* which all foreigners admire, he positively bounds past the *sales types* who have the cheek to be motoring on his way—but the fact is he toots incessantly, or sometimes drums on his rubber ball with the deftness of an artist, day and night, in all seasons and weathers.

That is why M. le Préfet de Police has at long last lost his patience and has come out with a new *ordonnance*. Between one and six of every night chauffeurs will have to reduce their speed so as to dispense entirely with the use of the klaxon. M. le Préfet slyly thought that if drivers should lose the habit of tooting by night they might not re-learn it by day. Oh! innocent administrator! Besides, this is a French *ordonnance*, and chauffeurs know what it means. During the first night after the new order came into operation, M. le Préfet says in dignified Prefecture French, 1,902 chauffeurs were given warning; on the fifth night after that only 1,400 delinquents were found, "which means that the regulation is satisfactorily taken notice of." *En effet!*

The morning after that fifth night I heard a boy on a bicycle filling the boulevard with merciless noise from a huge horn. "Is not this forbidden by the Code de la Route?" I asked two policemen half seated on their own bikes a few steps away. "I should think it was," one of the two answered with an indignant look, "an absurd disgusting habit!"

ADVICE TO A YOUNG HISTORIAN

TO one desirous of money, ease, and fame, there is no profession more satisfying than the writing of history, if sound principles be followed; nor any less satisfying, if the rules which govern this species of letters are neglected. The advice that I can give is drawn from experience, and the rising historian who despises it will find it impossible to direct his energies to the full advantage of society or of himself. The youth who aspires to reveal the past to the present may have imagined himself passing long hours in 'dusty libraries, deciphering faded manuscripts or reading decayed folios. No such dreams need disturb him. The only qualifications he needs are common sense and a freedom from certain theological prejudices which still linger in the traditions of the craft of letters, as in many others.

You must choose a suitable subject for your work. Two negative rules govern your choice: not to write on a subject on which at least one distinguished authority has not worked in detail; not to choose one on which any living historian of repute is engaged, or (what is much the same thing) one which is set for study in our academies. To-day, for instance, no cautious author would select for his thesis the political thought of the sixteenth century, for two living historians claim to have read Bodin's 'Six Livres de la République,' and there is a gambler's chance that one of them has actually done so. Both have probably dipped into it sufficiently to criticize whatever you may write on it in a manner dangerous to your reputation.

Your topic chosen, two courses are open to you: to follow conventional opinion; or to refute boldly everything that has been said previously on the subject. The latter method is to be recommended only to those of an enterprising and able temperament. If you are

more apt to lead than to follow, the former is the safer way. You will read through your authorities—it is wise to have two even if this involves some knowledge of a foreign tongue. Gibbon, Ranke, Macaulay, Aulard—you know the great names. You will then write your text, in more or less detail than the authorities have done, according to circumstances. If you can imitate the style of a master, do so. If you cannot, a cramped and tortuous English will give an adequate impression of learning. To employ the actual phrases and sentences of your authorities is fatal to one who has not attained an international reputation or a professorship. On the other hand, every statement of fact must be in strict accordance with at least one authority. You may differ from men of established fame in matters of fact on one condition only: *that your innovation is justified by a foot-note*. This rule is of supreme importance; no words of mine can sufficiently emphasize it.

The foot-note must explain the change, if possible, with a reference to a document. You must take pains to write good foot-notes, for on this your reputation will stand or fall. This part of the business is to a history what the cutting of the stones and the mortaring of arches is to a Gothic cathedral. You may explain that Gibbon mistranslated a passage, or that the Windsor manuscripts were tampered with before they were published; that Zosimus was biased; anything, in short, that can be disproved with difficulty, if at all. The use of two authorities is of special advantage in this matter, for all you need do is to comment on one or the other whenever they differ, which not only saves much time and skill, but also puts you by implication on a level with the great. In quoting sources, you must state a name or a collection simply, such as Burnet or Las Cases, or Letter Book D; or you must give a detailed reference with dates, editions, comments, and catalogue numbers, and so forth, to frighten away all but professional and hardened critics, thus:

"Lib. Cust. XVII 799 n. iii. Ed. Filter 1864," or "B. M. Cott. MSS. 377,458 4-13 (upstairs). See Cantrop's comments in *Archæol. Jour.* Vol. CXXIX. p. 287."

The timid writer or the beginner would do well to copy other people's foot-notes, and in particular, women's, for they are occasionally genuine. There is an agency which provides foot-notes for every branch of learned writing; to this I would direct you, were the publication of its name not the monopoly of an advertising firm. The practised student may safely invent foot-notes, so long as his sources are not easily obtainable; for however negligent a don may be in the documentation of his own works, he will spend hours finding errors in the references of others. Always appeal to a library in Vienna or Leipzig rather than in London or Oxford, and to a dead rather than a living authority. A bold way of disarming critics is to write a preface thanking Count Dorpodctocki for the use of his priceless collection of manuscripts, or Mgr. Galloccoci for the permission to inspect certain of the Vatican archives. To add verisimilitude you might dedicate your book to the imaginary benefactor, if you can afford to lose the opportunity a dedication offers of placating a professor likely to be hostile to your work.

Never, never risk the possibility of being branded as a charlatan. In the historical profession, a charlatan is a man who can give no evidence for his assertions. A 5 per cent. margin must be left to the beginner; 2½ per cent., or even 1½ per cent., is safe for the experienced writer. In the safety margin must be all foot-notes which are likely to attract attention. A certain amount of reading is necessary to obtain this safeguard, but it is worth the trouble. There is no occupation in which success can be achieved without some hard work.

Some will prefer to write history by the rebellious method. Their task is less laborious. They will pick

out the salient facts of their period, fit them into a new theory, and work out the details to prove the case presented. Some authorities will be constantly attacked, others described as misinterpreted, or only published in part, and so on. The theory that the English aristocracy felt no prejudice against France or the American colonies, but that it provoked the War of Independence in order to discredit George III and to terminate his interference with the Whig oligarchy, is a theme suitable for this type of work. The friendly relations of the upper classes on both sides of the Channel, the aristocratic origin and habits of Washington and Jefferson, the mismanagement of the war, the corruption of the administration, the provocation of the Gordon riots and the neglect to put them down until the King ordered the troops to fire on his own subjects, are facts which can be used to prove that North was a hypocrite acting as an *agent provocateur* for the Whigs. The method of writing history cannot be taught by rule.

Half your historical reputation depends on the skilful conducting of controversies which arise from your work. Only a small number of allegations need be answered; you will naturally choose those matters in which you know that the authorities will support you—points within the safety margin. If an opponent persists in making an accusation which you cannot answer, refer him to some inaccessible source, or say that you lost many of your references in a fire after you had written that part of the book. Such devices will postpone the day of exposure till everyone has forgotten the issue; delay will do the rest. You can complete your victory with a bold assertion later on. When an historian writes in a preface, "Four years ago my reputation emerged scatheless from the charge which Dr. Bult made against me of unscrupulous use of the Aureil-Manton law-books; the volumes which I now have the honour to present, etc.," you may be quite certain that Dr. Bult had asked eight times in different reviews whether there were any Aureil-Manton law-books, and had received no answer.

An historian wrote a volume on Portuguese feudalism in the twelfth century. A critic averred that in that century Portugal did not exist—which was true. The author made no such error as to admit his mistake. He adopted the rebellious method and wrote a vigorous reply, alleging that the outline of early Portuguese history was confused and little known; that the statements in his book were facts; and that all his critics were old-fashioned fogies a generation behind the times, and ought to have known that the existence of Portugal was proved to the satisfaction of all continental historians by Dom Miguel do Balan in the 'Revue des Etudes Internationales,' Genève, for July, 1902. He is now Professor of Experimental Assyriology in the Pontonville Private University, Gunville, Wo., U.S.A.

One more example. A celebrated student of Persian customs accused an historian of double dealing because he appealed for a description of the Battle of Tsikis to the Chronicle of Omar the Camel-stealer, who died before the battle was fought. The historian replied that the Chronicle was continued after his death by an anonymous author, and that the whole was known by his name, as Boots' is called Boots', although Boot no longer owns it. The Persiologist in public debate called this reply a specious makeshift, was applauded, went to his dwelling, and examined the Chronicle concerned. He found that he was wrong and the historian right; he even told his pupils so, but enjoined them to keep strictly secret the dangerous truth. They, being gentlemen, were loyal, and obeyed. The historian lost many followers. The Persiologist is still renowned. Young author, imitate him. Your career will be a success.

H. E. H.

HERD MELODIES

BY GERALD GOULD

THERE are two kinds of vulgarity, and I have them both. But only, I hasten to add, in the sense in which we all have them both. This essay is an analysis, not a confessional.

It always seems strange, at the first glance, that there is nothing men are so slow to forgive as the accusation of refinement. Call your friend—or enemy—a coarse, common fellow, and he will boast about it in bars; but call him a High-Brow, and all is over. We repudiate the special taste, lest we should be suspected of lacking the general; we had rather trade on a knowledge of beer than on a knowledge of bibelots. We have in our mind's eye the picture of a jolly comrade, welcome everywhere, hail-fellow-well-met with the world: the quintessence of humanity: the Man in the Street. He is hearty, kindly—there is no humbug about him—he enjoys the simple pleasures—he sees the jokes, in Music Halls. It is for him, primarily, that the drums of morning beat and the flags of sunset are flown. He is you and I and dear old Woddlepate. Over against him, sinister and scheming, is the dark army of the Mentally Competent: creatures who meet in corners to better the world: who paint pictures that nobody can understand, and take sex seriously. They go about to deny us our delights; they would not exactly close the bars, for nobody can accuse the High-Brow of teetotalism; but they would take away all the rich kipper stuff from the Music Halls, and make us read Mr. Clive Bell. The crowd is by definition vulgar. Seeking company with it, hiding behind it, adopting its jests and habits, we are displaying humanity and humility. We are extraordinary fellows because we are modest enough to be ordinary fellows. . . . There seems, somewhere, a flaw in the logic.

The flaw is in the profession of simplicity. You can boast yourself as exceptional; there is reason in that, for people might not notice the quality without the boast. But to boast yourself simple is a practical paradox: it calls attention to the thing most to be taken for granted. The fact would seem to be that this Man-in-the-Street stuff is permissible only in extreme youth, when the ordinary still genuinely *has* the thrill of the extraordinary; when the blood affirms that there were never such nights or Aprils, and alcohol is an adventure. To smoke shag in bull-dog pipes; to beat upon tables with pewter mugs; to pass the time of day with pert maids in country inns—it is splendid, because it *seems* splendid: the young may legitimately boast their kinship with their kind, for they have only just had time to discover it. I will allow the Man in the Street, so long as he is innocent; but the moment he becomes self-conscious, let him get to the studio or the study. When he says: "I speak as one plain man to another," he is speaking as a *poseur*. . . . But, by implication, we all do it all the time. We profess to have tastes simpler, sympathies wider, interests more usual, than are ours in fact. We wish to appear representative. We may try not to, but we go on wishing it. This is the first of my vulgarities.

But though we desire to be in the Street, we desire likewise to be in the Know. We must belong to the Crowd—and to the Set: drink beer—and judge wines. Just as we are jolly comrades with the many, so are we at our polished ease among the few. And just as the former attitude may be praised, for its sturdy democratic simplicity, so may the latter, for its indication of aspiration. But, equally, both may be called cowardice. To go with the mob is easy: to deny that we have gone with it is easier. And that is my second vulgarity.

Stern moralists (one says "*stern moralists*" as one says "*the critics*," to show that one doesn't agree with them: actually, one is little likely to be refuting them without playing the moralist oneself)—stern moralists maintain that the essence of vulgarity is pretence. Nothing can be vulgar, they argue, that is sincere. For anything I know, they may be right; but the definition does not seem to cover all the instances. I have aunts who consider most contemporary revue vulgar, because of the leg-room accorded to pretty and vigorous young ladies. I do not agree with my aunts; but I suppose they are as much entitled to their opinions as I to mine, and assuredly there is no pretence about the legs. Or consider something which seems vulgar, in the odious sense, to me—the deriding of senility. An old woman, who has lost the ease and grace of youthful movement, the smoothness of complexion, the brightness of eye: who desires to attract, and does not attract: who has, as they say, "*gone to pieces*"—battered and bemused, but as full of capacity for pain as ever—why is it that satire and the stage expect us to laugh at her? W. S. Gilbert was often censured for this defect in his humour; but I have not observed that his audiences failed to laugh. Even Wordsworth allowed himself the vulgar touch—"maiden withering on the stalk." I do not accuse the mob of reading Wordsworth on the chance of a nasty line, and, if they did, they would have earned all they got by the time they got it; but I rarely go to any sort of comic show (serious shows, of course, we hearty Men in the Street cannot abide!) without seeing age and ugliness and disappointment ridiculed. Here, again, there would appear to be no pretence. The moralist, sterner than ever, may say that if a woman didn't *pretend* to be younger than she was, she would escape the finger of scorn; but that is quite beside the point; for the vulgarity is not in the object derided, but in the plain straightforward fact of derision.

I doubt whether we shall get a better definition of vulgarity than—something we don't like! My aunts do not like legs, and I do not like to see laughter poured upon what merits pity; and many of my acquaintances condemn, as vulgar, books and plays in which I can see only fun. If there is a criterion of good taste anywhere, I have not come across it. If I do, I will let you know.

Vulgar, etymologically, the majority must needs be. And vulgar, morally, in some degree or other, every human being is: when we use the term in opprobrium, we reprobate excess. But I should like to think, after all, that there is something deeper than affectation in the common desire to be common. I have enjoyed heaving my half-bricks at the Man in the Street, for I know those curses come cosily home to roost; but under the

poses and the prancings endures—may we not believe it?—a genuine liking for our like. The great heart of humanity does not always beat true; but one may take pleasure in the fact that it beats at all.

Your soloist is a grand fellow, and sings the sweetest. But herd melodies are sweet: there is a time for community singing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

POLICE RECRUITING

SIR,—Recent events have made topical the question whether the higher officers of our police forces are recruited in the best possible way. In considering this question, two things must be borne in mind.

On the one hand, an ordinary police-constable has far more personal responsibility than has, for example, a private soldier. It is therefore desirable that young men of ability and ambition should be encouraged to join the police force as constables, and so nothing should be done that would seriously lessen their prospects of promotion.

On the other hand, it is possible that to many men capable of becoming most excellent police administrators it would not occur to join the force as constables on leaving their public schools.

The following proposals are intended to take account of the second of these considerations without neglecting the first. They have no great claim to originality, and are not based on any intimate acquaintance with police conditions, but they might, perhaps, form a basis for consideration and discussion.

I suggest, then, that the Civil Service Commissioners should hold a competitive examination for "police cadetships." This examination should be open to graduates, within the prescribed age limits, of all British universities (it need not be limited to university graduates), and should be of about the same standard as the existing examination for Assistant Inspectors of Taxes.

Successful candidates, if found physically fit and otherwise suitable, would be appointed as "police cadets," and as such would receive practical training in police work concurrently with instruction in police administration, criminal law, methods of crime detection, and other subjects necessary for the work of a higher officer of police. Part of this instruction would best be provided by Scotland Yard itself; the rest might more suitably be the subject of arrangement with the University of London and its colleges, or with the Education Department of the London County Council.

This period of training might last for two years, or it might be found possible to complete it in one. During this period cadets would be paid, and on its completion they would, if suitable, be given appointments as inspectors, having the same status and emoluments as other inspectors.

At first it would probably be thought advisable that the number of cadetships should be strictly limited, and that the scheme should be limited to the Metropolitan Police (or preferably the Metropolitan and City Police); but if the experiment were found successful the number of appointments given in this way in the Metropolis would be increased, and the scheme extended to include in its scope the provincial forces as well. Nevertheless, a substantial majority of inspectorships (or inspectorates) in all forces should always be open to men who had risen from the ranks.

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Further, promotion would be solely on individual merit. A university student may be permitted to believe that men who had been recruited in this way would, in proportion to their numbers, justify promotion to posts of high responsibility more frequently than would men who had risen from the ranks; but no preference should be given to ex-cadets as such.

Such a reform might, or might not, solve for future generations the problem of the source of supply of Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police. It may be that it would always be found better to appoint to such posts men without previous police experience, at any rate in England.

I am, etc.,

F. W. GOODMAN

6 Wyndham Road, West Ealing

THE PRIZES OF LIFE

SIR,—While serving as a chaplain in the Army during the Great War, I met two officers, civilians who had joined the Army in middle life, who expressed to me their bitter regret that they had concentrated on athletics in their youth and neglected learning. I also met a regular officer, a much younger man, who told me that at school he had consciously regarded Rugby Football as a means of training in the habit of forming quick decisions so necessary to an officer.

During the South African War, shortly after what was known as "the Black Week," I met casually at my club a yeomanry officer who had volunteered for the front, and was taking out a detachment of his men. We lunched together and he told me, in the course of conversation, that during twenty years' service in the yeomanry he had learned nothing except on one occasion when the officer, who afterwards became Field-Marshal Lord French, had inspected his regiment. French called him out and talked to him for five minutes; and in that five minutes he had learned all of the art of war that he knew. He told me that he used to say to the men whom he was taking out to the front: "I can't teach you, but I will learn with you." An old regular soldier, speaking to me of incompetent officers during the Great War, remarked significantly, "Better one man than fifty."

I had at one time a friend who had been a very successful headmaster, and he told me that his headmaster used to read Shakespeare to his boys, especially such plays as 'Henry V.' My friend spoke in terms of great appreciation and gratitude of the benefit that he had received as a boy from these readings from Shakespeare. The great Dean Church, whom Lord Morley called "The fine flower of Oxford culture," wrote of the profession to which I have the honour to belong, "A clergyman should be a student and a learner to the end."

I am, etc.,

Emsworth, Hants

C. POYNTZ SANDERSON

THE DICTA OF MR. CLIVE BELL

SIR,—There is a certain difficulty in proving general statements, but enough evidence remains to justify the statement that bathing was the rule in medieval times. Here are some examples from a recent paper on the subject of medieval sanitation. In 1176 the statutes of Ternel, in Aragon, make provision for the use and maintenance of the public bath. There is evidence of four public baths in fourteenth-century Mainz, while Frankfort on the Main had fifteen at least in 1387, and twenty-nine bath-keepers were citizens. Next century there were eight bathing establishments in Würzburg, eleven in Ulm, thirteen in Nürnberg, seventeen in Augsburg, twenty-nine in Vienna. In Florence there were three streets of baths in the Middle Ages. In Paris twenty-six baths appear in the *taille* of 1292. Anyone familiar

with medieval illuminated manuscripts is aware of the frequency with which baths and bathers appear in them. It is only with the Renaissance that the reign of personal dirtiness began.

I am, etc.,

"INQUIRER"

SIR,—Is there not a considerable degree of exaggeration in the assumption that the public bath vanished with the Roman baths and that the Middle Ages were "a thousand years without a bath"? There exist a large number of woodcuts showing the big wooden tub in employment in the Middle Ages in private houses as the place to which a guest was promptly conducted. Some of them show that food and drink were served on trestles across the bath. Moreover, there are plenty of records showing that spas, still famous, were a familiar resort of wealthy people before the Crusades. Merchant palaces, such as the Fugger palace in Augsburg, had bath-rooms decorated by distinguished artists at a time, if I am not mistaken, when the ordinary public bath-house had fallen, as your correspondents correctly suggest, into disrepute. And is it certain that lack of personal instinct for cleanliness was the chief reason for the disrepute of public baths and the disuse of the private bath-tub? I believe that the investigations of a German monographist early in the present century led him to believe that over a considerable part of Europe, at all events, certain diseases introduced into Europe at the time of the Crusades had as much to do with the decay of the public baths and even of the spas as anything else. As for the private bath, it has been suggested, I think, with some probability, that as heating was by wood the gradual increase of cost, accompanying decrease or monopolization of available supplies of fire-wood may have been at least a contributory economic cause.

I am, etc.,

171 Fleet Street, E.C.4

CHARLES TOWER

MUSIC

BABELL AT TREORCHY

IMAGINE a narrow valley steeply enclosed by rocky hills, whose sides offer to the play of light and shade upon their surface a velvet pile of turf and bracken. A stream pours its wide and shallow waters in rapid descent over small rocks and stones. By nature a delightful scene, a secluded paradise for hill-climbers, ideal for walking-tours. Imagination must take a stride further and envisage man digging for a hundred years at the wealth beneath, piling up here and there upon the green hills in square, black masses the refuse of his excavations; building for his workmen row upon row in straight lines of stone cottages, dingy, slate-roofed and threaded by narrow streets, and polluting the stream with the bilge, the air with the fumes of factories and furnaces. And then, further, imagine prosperity on the wane, and decadence showing visible signs of its advance in an empty cottage blind with broken windows here, a tumbled ruin there, but making its presence felt even more strongly by intangible means in the very spirit of the place.

That was the aspect presented to a stranger going up the Rhondda Valley last week, crossing and recrossing the stream, whose waters the filtering rocks could not clear, in a desperate attempt to follow the Ariadne's thread laid by the A.A. from Cardiff to the Eisteddfod at Treorchy. This town, almost the last up the valley, has some natural advantages over its neighbours, which, no doubt, dictated its selection as the site for the national literary and musical fes-

tival of Wales. The valley widens about the town, leaving a natural amphitheatre large enough and level enough for a cricket-field. In the centre of this arena was pitched the vast pavilion, capable of seating upwards of 20,000 persons. What a rich and lovely word is pavilion, suggestive of a tented opulence, brave flags, fine hangings, and cool shadows inside! The Welsh language is more honest. It names this shed of wood roofed with corrugated iron, Y Babel. Babel it is, though no more than bi-lingual. In it you may sit from morning till night and hear one brass-band after another play a hymn-tune and a selection from Barnett's 'Mountain Sylph,' or Wagner's 'Mastersingers' in slow alternation. If you escape to the hills, they re-echo the brazen sound, or if you prefer the florid style of local journalism, the welkin rings with Wagner. Should it rain, there is no such escape from proximity; you must stay dry and be deafened, or spare your ears and be drenched. Fortunately Monday, which was brass-band day, was favoured with good weather. I must not forget to mention that the brass-bands had a serious rival in one of the presiding geniuses of the meeting, a minister of religion with a voice so loud that when he did use the English tongue his words were almost impossible to distinguish at a distance of ten yards. But his voice evidently carried, for the frequent quips in Welsh, with which this worthy gentleman enlivened the proceedings, provoked roars in the distance among men whose heads looked from the front no bigger than polo-balls. Of the quality of his wit I cannot judge, except by one jest in English about Beecham and his pills. But that may have been considered by the jester as a concession to mere foreigners unworthy of the native intellect. Sir Thomas Beecham had promised to adjudicate and conduct, but was prevented by one of his sudden lapses of health.

I can give but a passing glance at some of the various activities of the meeting, which embraced in its wide arms things so diverse as vocal solos for boys under sixteen, first aid and nursing, harp-playing, plain mats, poems, sculpture, choral-singing and a set of girl's underclothes (in Welsh, "cami-nicars a phais undarn, wedi eu gwnio a llaw"). The choral-singing proved, as might be expected, the most attractive among the musical events, though some of the singing by individual children was very delightful to hear, so fresh and true were the voices, so charming the affectations of manner. The chief choral competition provided a fine opportunity for learning all about Parry's 'Blest Pair of Sirens.' Thirteen times it was sung by the crack choirs of Wales. These choirs are wonderfully well disciplined. In the best of them the enunciation is so clear that the words can easily be followed, the entries are surely made and never ragged, the tone full and even throughout the range from treble to bass. In the performance of Bach's 'St Matthew' Passion, given at one of the evening concerts by the Eisteddfod Choir, which was locally recruited and conducted by the organist of one of the many chapels in Treorchy, there was an extraordinarily high standard of virtuosity in the choral singing, and, even if virtuosity and Bach are not wholly consonant terms, it was worth going to hear. Yet, when one has paid every merited tribute to the qualities of Welsh singing, there must be a qualification about their musicianship. There was, in almost everything, far too little regard for the spirit of the various works performed and still less for their musical shape as wholes. The fault lay chiefly with inexperienced conductors, who beat from bar to bar, like a reader who stumbles from one word to the next with no regard to the rhythm of sentences and paragraphs, much less to the larger rhythm of the whole piece.

Of the literary competitions, which are an important feature of the Eisteddfod, and are the occasion of the

rather shoddily picturesque ceremonies of Druids and Bards, it is difficult for an Englishman to speak. I was rather sorry for the spectacled young man who was ridiculously crowned with a velvet cap of unbecoming colour for a poem on 'Y Penid.' This was, indeed, his penance for success. The chair, an ugly and uncomfortable piece of furniture in yellow wood plentifully decorated with bad carvings, was not awarded. This decision, at least, indicates some standard in the judgment of the Bards. It was stated that the best of the competing poems on 'The Saint' (Y Sant) was so full of decadent garbage that it was unworthy of the prize. The question then arose: What should be done with the chair? Mr. Lloyd George had refused to sit in it, preferring something more homely and more conveniently adapted to the human form. Had I been a courageous Welshman, I might have suggested a second penance, that it should be sent to the worst of the poets and he made to occupy it from that day on for the rest of a miserable life. But humanity forbids. Let it be turned into a coffin, or make fuel for the public burning of the garbage. That would be poetic justice.

By the time these words appear the Babel will have been demolished and there will be only one building like a railway-station in Treorchy. The flags and triumphal arches, with which a brave people covered their real distress, will have disappeared. The tyranny of coal will once more have asserted its sway over hills and stream and the rows of houses. But if the tournament of music and of poetry brought to view no knights of great distinction, the high tide of people that has flowed into the district will have left upon its subsidence some silt of gold in the valley to relieve its poverty and need. That is something to the good, and an Eisteddfod stands in need of justification.

H.

THE THEATRE

HOME AND SPORTING NEWS

By IVOR BROWN

Aren't Women Wonderful! By Harris Deans. Court Theatre.
A Damsel in Distress. By P. G. Wodehouse and Ian Hay.
New Theatre.

MR. HARRIS DEANS, by putting hero and heroine in a middle-class maisonette of the one-floor and basement kind, immediately and gloriously challenges the compact majority of play-goers. The whole history of the theatre is resonant with the rage of those who thought they were going away from home when they passed the box-office and then found that some pestiferous devil of a playwright was only cheating them by holding up the mirror to domesticity. The row is not merely a re-echo of Ibsenism and its persecution; it is as old as Aristophanes, who pelted Euripides with the cabbages in his mother's shop and proclaimed that a play could not be a play if it dealt with the things we know and use. The public will always have something different from its workaday wont. The Elizabethans demanded tremendous moments and relished a good spate of rhetoric, like Mr. Polly lusting after "sesquipeddle verboojuice." Our own groundlings want modish adultery with an accompaniment of laconic world-weariness or else the mere rattle of skulls and skeletons in cupboards which no parlour ever knew.

We certainly do not appear to want the mighty rush of words which it was once the principal business of the theatre to provide. On the other hand,

despite all our talk of realism we are only its partial practitioners; we cannot face the image of our own surroundings. Ourselves we may tolerate on the stage, but not our average homes, our average poverty, our average untidiness, and our petty little cares of this or that. Any dramatist who remembers the tradesman's boy and allows bills for less than a pound to be mingled with the morning post, is taking grave risks. Finance on the stage is deemed to be only tolerable in terms of thousands. Debts are only to be redeemed by dullness by their size. One must award a medal for valour to any playwright who will openly invite his patrons to a shabby home, naturally shabby that is, and not preposterously uncouth like a so-called "character part." Money must be always tremendously present or tremendously absent in the popular play. The theatre rejects the golden mean.

Of course the public can be happily brought to the kitchen-sink if gargoyles are put in aprons and the cook becomes a monstrosity playing slap-dab with potential pastry. For long the dreadful humours of the "slavey" were held to justify the dramatist's descent below stairs. But it is rarely that the playwright has the pluck to demonstrate what every sane person must surely suspect, namely, that the butcher's bill can make a far more interesting story than any number of compromising letters and that a row with a tradesman has far greater possibilities of intelligent drama than the usual bickering over the chastity of some dreary young woman. If anyone doubts my assertion, let him hurry to the Court Theatre and decide which of Mr. Deans's acts he likes best. For Mr. Deans has raised the issue in the clearest possible way. Having given us one scene of the life in which the daily help is a prop indeed, he carries us straight on to the theatre theatrical where the he-men sign cheques for a hundred thousand while the she-women are seducing the recipients in the next room. I note that one critic has complained about the mixture of these two worlds. For my part, I welcome it. It simply proves the case which I have, I fear, only too often put forward. Mr. Deans, having triumphantly succeeded in the kitchen, is met upon the stairway of prosperity by the defiant figure of the empty-headed vampire. She holds up his march. Clandestine adultery, whether achieved or merely schemed, is just the dulllest of all subjects, as G. B. S. pointed out quite vainly to the dramatists of his time.

But I am not going to grumble about that. (In any case the majority will devour exactly that part of the play for which I had least appetite.) I would rather congratulate the author and the company on some creation of character which was accomplished and disciplined. Miss Dorothy Turner, as the wife of a young engineer who guides him in the troubles alike of labour and of leisure, began in a rather fidgety way, which I took to be only first-night nervousness and eagerness to score quickly; but she very soon settled down to make a pleasant duet with Mr. Ralph Richardson, one of the few young actors whose acting has not been manicured into a flavourless blend of drawl and lounge. There was a great chance for over-acting offered to Miss Isabel Thornton as the engineer's weighty sister on the stage. The chance was splendidly refused. Miss Thornton established the professional air without for a moment exploiting it. It was a pity, I think, that she was called on for song and dance amid the expensive furniture of the last act: she might have obliged over a bottle of stout in the kitchen, but hardly before the great. The performance, however, was admirable in its restraint; it would have been so easy to batter the part about and so pass the hat round the pit for a few more laughs. The same was true of the "daily help" portrayed by Miss Kathleen Harrison. The

dreadful tradition of grotesque imbecility was rejected. Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore "vamped" skilfully and industriously, but hers was the least makeable part in a play which has a very entertaining first act and contains some of the naturalism which is really natural. The translation of the young couple from the basement to a set of rooms with a view was an event which gave the play a plot, but plots are less than persons and there are some real persons at large in this piece. I was happy to know them.

One does not, of course, look for home-truths in the latest arrival at the New Theatre. A Pelion of jocosity upon an Ossa of hilarity should be nothing to the massed mirthfulness of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse and Mr. Ian Hay when grasping co-operative pens. No kitchen veracities will penetrate here. The middle-class will not lay down its cheque-book and weep. And so it turns out. The damsel in distress is surrounded by aristocrats who have all the humours of too much cheek or too little chin. The servants' hall yields a plaintive "tweeny" who alternately touches our hearts and digs us in the ribs: she is the victim of a Jeevish butler scheming blandly: a prosperous song-composer, none of your starving poets but a fabricator of auriferous fox-trots, goes a-wooing in a waiter's livery with false moustache and pays his addresses while serving the claret-cup in Totleigh Castle. There is a scene at a stage-door with an assault and battery; there is a scene in Hanover Square with marriages being served as quickly as drinks before closing-time. L'Allegro at the New Theatre, it may be gathered, is not altogether Miltonic; nods and becks and wreathed smiles are replaced by slaps on the back and iteration of those English slogans of festivity whose empire is continually advancing from Cheerio and Chin-chin. The conversation is sustained largely in sporting metaphor, and the characters, both below and above stairs, appear to have finished their education at Kempton and Sandown. The weakest thing about this play is its title, and the strongest is Mr. Weguelin's appetite for cream-buns. Mr. Basil Foster, as the jazz-magnate, acts like a perfect gentleman while the party from Debrett are behaving like true babes in the Wodehouse and dancing the antic Hay. Of the clowns of high degree Mr. Henry Kendall is the most entertaining, while Mr. Aubrey Mather sweetly impersonates a smooth Shylock of the servants' hall. Miss Clarice Hardwicke, as the "tweeny," touches nothing which she does not polish. Altogether hearty nonsense is adroitly projected, the officer-in-charge of this gunnery being Mr. Nicholas Hannen, whose range-finding is excellent, and whose tactical dispositions invariably do the best for dialogue which may have been somewhat distressing to read in cold blood. For those who go to the theatre "to be taken out of themselves" this piece, since it is briskly played, should prove serviceable in that task of benevolent extrication.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—129

SET BY T. EARLE WELBY

A. "Bland, passionate, and deeply religious, she also painted in water-colours": epitaph formerly in Pewsey Church. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a brief rhymed epitaph in paraphrase or development of this affecting tribute.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a ballade of consolation, with the refrain, "But still we have Sir William Joynson-Hicks."

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 129A, or LITERARY 129B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, August 27, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of September 1.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 127

SET BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a set of macaronic verses upon a topic of current interest. The poets should be reasonably brief.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a riddle, the answer to which is: Yes.*

REPORT FROM MR. DYNELEY HUSSEY

127A. Of the small number of entries sent in for this competition, two stand out pre-eminent and the judging of them has not proved difficult. One has come, in the course of these competitions, to expect something neatly turned, especially when classical wit is given an opportunity, from H. C. M. His verses printed below easily carry off the first prize. The second goes to Tempest. Of the rest some were not macaronics at all, and others were a mere jumble of outlandish words with little or no wit to justify their use. Lester Ralph had two good lines at the end of his poem, but the rest was unworthy of him, altogether too loose and slovenly. James Hall achieved something in the right vein, but it was dull.

FIRST PRIZE

Si juvenis cui Jix est nomen
Os aperit, then—Absit omen!
Nuper omnino on his own he
Tubthumpsit de Protectione.

Winstonus interea declamat,
"Non est Protectio we aim at;
Programma nostrum I assert as
'Pro mercatoribus Libertas.'"

Tunc exquisitus surgit Mister
Baldwin, qui Primus est Minister,
"Of both," says he, "we'll take a wee bit;
Varia est Veritas et prævalebit."

H. C. M.

SECOND PRIZE

London is the haunt, they say,
Of agents provocateurs,
Pinching persons every day
For imbibing à toutes heures.

Hyde Park, so the rumour goes,
Has a hidden cordon bleu,
Watching stealthily all those
Sitting happily à deux.

If 'tis true, throughout the land
Every harmless fête champêtre,
Will subserve the secret band
As another raison d'être.

But arrives the gallant Byng!
Cry the critics, "En tout cas,
We are satisfied he'll bring
Full reform de haut en bas."

TEMPEST

127B. I was astonished, and at times not a little aghast, at the fertility of invention shown in propounding riddles to which the answer should be a mere affirmative. There are two kinds of riddle. The first is that in which the answer provides a common denominator for two seemingly dissimilar objects. Why, asks the riddler, is a Beadle like a boll-weevil? Because there is a B in both. That is the most childish example. The other kind is more enigmatic. It is the kind favoured by Princess Turandot and the Sphinx. There were examples of both kinds among the entries. Some were quite as childish as the example I have cited, others as inscrutable, even with the answer supplied, as those which puzzled the suitors of the Chinese Princess and the Grecian travellers. Others merely asked questions which expected an affirmative answer, or even to which an affirmative answer was among the possible replies. These were ruled out as not being riddles. Among them was an ingenious attempt sent in by Margaret:

Q. Do you know a word of two letters signifying negation?

A. The obvious answer is: "No"—the real answer: "Yes."

But for prize-giving I have had to fall back upon a choice among a number of enigmas, which treated more or less the same ideas, for it is remarkable how many minds have proved themselves great by thinking alike. The prizes go to those who have expressed the thought most neatly, and, with all the will in the world to avoid a "double," I cannot but place H. C. M. first. N. B. takes the second prize.

FIRST PRIZE

One-third of what is lately past; [yesterday]
Three-fourths of what on me you cast; [eyes]
The whole of what will brook no nay. [yes]
Now! Have you guessed the answer? Say!
H. C. M.

SECOND PRIZE

I am a word composed of letters three—
Upon my head just place the letter E.
The singular of this you'll surely see
Sounds just the same as what's the same as me.

Solution. E / YES = EYES
EYE = AYE = YES.

N. B.

BACK NUMBERS—LXXXVI

WHEN Oliver Madox Brown died, of fever caught from living over a stable, the whole Rossetti circle was overwhelmed by a sense of genius cut down on the eve of superb achievement. The legend of his marvellous precocity as painter and novelist lingers on. What justification for it is there? On the publication of his literary remains by W. M. Rossetti and Dr. Franz Hueffer, in 1876, the SATURDAY REVIEW began its notice by saying: "If anything could induce us to look severely on the promising works of a young author who now unhappily cannot fulfil the promise which they gave, it would be such unwise praise as that found in the memoir prefixed to these two volumes." And, if I may trust my recollection of his finished and unfinished work, the eulogies of the Rossettis and of Watts-Dunton and others in that group were excessive. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that the earliest work of a kinsman of Oliver Madox Brown, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, was more remarkable for literary self-possession in boyhood. But the matter, for a reason to be given presently, cannot be dismissed in that fashion.

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Before considering what evidence of Oliver's genius his friends had beyond what they could give the world, a glance may be taken at his actual work. It consists chiefly of a novel, originally called 'The Black Swan,' which was given a happy ending and the title, 'Gabriel Denver,' to placate the publishers, Tinsley Brothers. (The Tinsley Brothers were themselves curiosities. Oscar Wilde said a certain man of letters had been a guest in every great house in England, *once*; they published almost every considerable writer but always to lose him.) Next in importance comes 'The Dwale Bluth,' another romance or novel, about the title of which Tinsley Brothers might reasonably have made a fuss, for it shakes conviction as much as Walter Pater's *Emerald Uthwart*, and one is not comforted by being told that it is Devonshire for deadly nightshade. Then there is 'Hebditch's Legacy,' together with some fragments of prose and verse. The verse is interesting as the work of a boy, especially as it shows some independence of the models pressed on every young writer in that circle. But even the late William Sharp, who was all for Oliver, admitted that his best sonnet was not better than one written at sixteen by Mr. Laurence Binyon. And, in truth, it is not very difficult for a boy to produce, after a diligent reading of Rossetti, something that will pass for a good sonnet.

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The poetic promise of Oliver has been much exaggerated. Of his promise as a novelist it is not so easy to judge. There are things in his romances which remind a reader of the Brontës, of Charles Reade, of Victor Hugo, and this not through his imitation of them. Clearly he had imagination, with an instinct for the sensational, and descriptive power. That, at that age, he should lack knowledge of life and literary tact was inevitable: it is not certain that time would have remedied these deficiencies. For the faculty of turning experience to literary profit is capriciously bestowed; there have been good writers whose range was not much enlarged by their ample experience, and there have been good writers who seem in no way handicapped by the narrowness of their personal experience. It is almost impossible to write for ten minutes about fiction without bringing in the name of Balzac, and he is the supreme

novelist despite the fact that he had no time to live, and observed mankind only from his window in rare pauses between those vast debauches of work. Oliver might have learned a good deal about life, but there is the probability that he would have been content with a world of his own not much more real than Ouida's. He wanted the obviously romantic, and he would probably have continued to be unscrupulous about the means of procuring it.

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Is it absolutely certain he would have continued to be a writer? He had his other, even earlier developed gift, had done acceptable paintings at fourteen, had exhibited at the Royal Academy at fifteen, had attracted notice at the International Exhibition when sixteen. Even painting may have been but the overflow of an energy which in mature life might have found other outlets. But the works in literature and art of a boy of sixteen or seventeen are not adequate material for judgment of him unless supplemented by personal knowledge. Just there may be the excuse for what D. G. Rossetti, who was almost infallible in estimating youthful promise, thought of Oliver. To us there does not seem to have been anything very extraordinary in the boy. At least, I can off-hand recall no anecdote except some triviality about his going about among the terrified pre-Raphaelite ladies with his tame mice on his shoulder. Still, there are hints of an independence of mind which, as he matured, might have gone some way towards justifying the hopes of his friends.

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However that might have been, it is absurd to drag Chatterton into the discussion. The best work of Chatterton is above the level at which the age of the writer is pertinent. It is a singularly bold rediscovery of romance, with an anticipation of many things to be done by great poets thereafter, and its art is equal to its inspiration. Oliver Madox Brown might have been distantly comparable with Chatterton if he had written his prose romances before the Brontës and Charles Reade, and his verses before the poets of the Rossetti circle. He had some individuality, but most of the raw material of his work had been familiarly known to writers for decades before him. If we must talk of prodigies of precocity, we had better turn to Dolben, who was undoubtedly a poet with a note of his own, yet not so thoroughly achieving a poet as to make reference to his age the insolence it is in the case of Chatterton.

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On the other hand, it is fair to point out that Oliver Madox Brown was dreadfully handicapped by his advantages. It was terrible to be a boy with a turn for literature or art in that circle. Every single day such a boy encountered men of genius. If D. G. R. was not there, Morris or some other master was on the premises. Oliver's father was in the habit of keeping the overcoat Swinburne in the bathroom, and there was usually some great poet or artist in the next room. It would be odd if a boy brought up in such a forcing-house were not a little over-ripe before he was mature. Taking that into consideration, Oliver Madox Brown must be acknowledged to have been saner and more solid than would be expected of one in his environment.

STET.

REVIEWS

DR. FREUD AND HUMANITY

By EDWARD SHANKS

The Future of an Illusion. By Sigmund Freud.
The International Psycho-analytical Library,
No. 15. Hogarth Press. 6s.

THE famous definition of the metaphysician is that he is a man in a dark room searching for a black hat that is not there. Now, earlier storms having subsided, we can say of the psycho-analyst that he is in much the same situation, with this important difference, that the hat is probably somewhere about. The room is very dark and the hat melts into the darkness bewilderingly well, but at least the psycho-analyst is, in the children's phrase, getting warm. He has got hold of something. He is not sure whether it is the head or the tail of the snake that he has grasped. It is even possible that it may be the middle, in which case the beast is quite likely to be not a snake at all but a lizard. But no one who has taken the trouble to study simultaneously his own mind and the wider principles of psycho-analysis can doubt that there is an eventually discoverable kernel of truth in this method of enquiry.

If we admit so much, we admit that a whole new universe has been opened up for investigation. Of this universe Dr. Freud is, let us say, the Copernicus. Much of his system and many of his conclusions are open to question. The transforming effects of the "censor" are too successful for any mortal to feel sure he has read the riddle they present to him. Much of Freud's work has been coloured by something personal to him, a sort of likeable and comfortable cocksureness, which endears him to the student but which casts a serious suspicion on the validity of his results. There is one marvellous case recorded in his early writings, in which, after being baffled for weeks by dreams of which he could make neither head nor tail, he concluded triumphantly that the patient was suffering from a suppressed wish to prove his physician wrong, and was accordingly moulding his dreams to that end. Freud, to put it shortly, has a deficient sense of humour, and is therefore, in one very important respect, not the best judge of the movements of the human mind. Moreover, from the purely technical point of view, the analysis of dreams is highly unsatisfactory. It depends too much on the mind of the analyst, which, by hypothesis, is itself open to suspicion. Our twentieth-century Copernicus, like his prototype in another branch of studies, is working without a telescope. Like Copernicus, he has made the invention of the telescope inevitable. He has opened up to us possibilities so exciting in the psychological heavens that we must, by whatever efforts, find some means of investigating them more closely. Several steps in this direction have been taken already and it is not surprising that they have led Freud's seceding disciples rather away from the path which he himself supposed, and still supposes, to be the right one. The system of Copernicus was soon found to be demonstrably inaccurate, because he had been unable to refrain from imposing a totally unnecessary limitation on his first grand idea. But that first grand idea had enough

life to survive the handicap with which its originator endowed it. So with Freud. He was the first to suggest that there might be a practicable explorer's route into the unconscious mind.

He is, that is to say, a very great man and no improvement in his technique can rob him of greatness, any more than the achievements of Tycho Brahe or Kepler can ever obscure those of Copernicus. We continue to speak of the Copernican, as opposed to the Ptolemaic, system, and so we shall continue to think of Freud as the first to cross an all-important frontier in the infant science of psychology, a science which, it is hardly too much to say, he found where Copernicus found astronomy. He has, once and for all, changed our way of looking at ourselves. Innumerable people, to whom the name of Freud means nothing, have begun to look more closely into their own meanings and volitions. By inventing the term "complex" he has brought the fact of the association of ideas into practical life. No doubt it can be said that he is only the summing up of a long process. But as such he is entitled to the honour which humanity gives to its heroes.

This being so, it is profoundly interesting to find him, in the fullness of his years and his honours, concerning himself with the problem of religion. It is true that he has, substantially, little that is new to say about it. Religion is the organization of the desires of man. He sees a conscious spirit in the workings of nature because, if he does, he feels himself more at home with them. When the necessities of communal life restrain his individual impulses, he attributes the restraint to a divine command, because it is then easier to obey. We need but little skill in the alteration of language to translate this into the arguments of the early Free-thinkers. The wish is father to the thought: man believes in God, because he thinks that God will be useful.

But the greatness of a great man resides not only in his ideas but also in the tone in which he announces them. This essay may not help so much towards the solution of the religious problem, but it does tell us a good deal about Dr. Freud. He has spent his life freeing individual patients from their obsessions: can he perhaps not do the same for mankind at large? He thus answers an imaginary opponent:

And so I disagree with you when you go on to argue that man cannot in general do without the consolation of the religious illusion, that without it he would not endure the troubles of life, the cruelty of reality. Certainly this is true of the man into whom you have instilled the sweet—or bitter-sweet—poison from childhood on. But what of the other who has been brought up soberly? Perhaps he, not suffering from neurosis, will need no intoxicant to deaden it. True, man will then find himself in a difficult situation. He will have to confess his utter helplessness and his insignificant part in the working of the universe; he will have to confess that he is no longer the centre of creation, no longer the object of the tender care of a benevolent providence. He will be in the same position as the child who has left the home where he was so warm and comfortable. But after all, is it not the destiny of childishness to be overcome? Man cannot remain a child for ever; he must venture at last into the hostile world. This may be called "education to reality"; need I tell you that it is the sole aim of my book to draw attention to the necessity for this advance?

There is, on the face of it, something a little pathetic in the supposition that a treatise of a hundred pages could thus draw man, still so imperceptibly removed from the prehistoric, really into the open. But the very naïveté of the appeal shows Dr. Freud in his true character as a deliverer of his fellows. How much he has done for us is as yet impossible to estimate, but we can be certain that it is a great deal.

HOW THE WHEELS GO ROUND

Engines. By E. N. da C. Andrade. Bell. 7s. 6d.

WHO now reads 'Helen's Babies'? Yet one of the delightful children who once made that work a best-seller has left us a familiar quotation used by many who could not place it. "Want to see wheels go round," murmured Toddy. The modern boy, however, is less easily satisfied. He wants not only to see the machinery work, but to understand why it works; such at least is the opinion of his elders and superiors. Among the best of the educative amusements which are supplied to meet this craving are the famous Christmas lectures for "a juvenile auditory," which are annually delivered at the Royal Institution by eminent men of science. The diverting volume now before us is based on the 102nd course of this nature, and gives a very clear and comprehensive account of the various types of engines now in use—stationary and locomotive, reciprocating and rotary. Dr. Andrade is not himself a practical engineer, and perhaps for that very reason is better qualified to explain an engineering subject to the young; the practical man too often allows trees to obscure the view of the wood. He has taken for his motto the admirable words in which Sir William Petty, two centuries and a half ago, defined the purpose of the infant Royal Society as "to make mysterious things plain; to explode and disuse all insignificant and puzzling words; to improve and apply little small threads of Mathematics to vast uses; and yet not to neglect the finest Consideration, even of Atoms, where the same is necessary." The object with which the Royal Institution was founded by the American Count Rumford at the end of the eighteenth century was "for diffusing the knowledge and facilitating the general introduction of useful mechanical inventions and improvements; and for teaching by courses of philosophical lectures and experiments the applications of science to the common purposes of life." Dr. Andrade has thoroughly preserved the spirit of both bodies in his very successful attempt "to make a short survey of the chief kinds of engines by which men turn the heat of burning fuel into work, and to show how simple are the scientific principles upon which their action depends."

All existing engines may be defined as more or less successful contrivances for converting the energy sent to us by the sun into work. Attempts have actually been made to convert direct sunshine into power, but they have not been very successful. Dr. Andrade mentions the works at Mendi, near Cairo, where the rays of the sun are concentrated by mirrors on the boilers; but an installation covering about an acre is required to produce sixty horse-power. Wind-mills and water-wheels are more ancient and successful attempts to utilize the immediate heat of the sun, which causes both the motion of the wind and the fall of the water. But most of our modern power is derived from the convenient natural accumulators generically known as fuel—especially coal and oil—which have stored up the heat radiated by the sun in ages that long preceded the dawn of human history. Those who burn wood, like the Mississippi steamers and some locomotives in heavily timbered countries, may flatter themselves that they are drawing on a far more recent and still growing source of power. It has often been pointed out, and not only by pessimists, that the world's stock of these natural accumulators is rapidly being depleted, and that there is no possibility of its ever being renewed—at any rate not without the intervention of a geological catastrophe, which would wipe out humanity, and so, perhaps, not be very helpful to our industrialists. It is now confidently supposed that the future hope lies in the direction of tapping intra-atomic energy, which is so great that a single ounce of matter—any kind

of matter, not merely what we call fuel—would probably supply several millions of horse-power for an hour. At present, however, this is little more than a devout imagination. We have, indeed, been able by very delicate and elaborate methods to persuade the nucleus of an occasional atom to give up its energy, but at present it costs far more to do this than the energy is worth. Dr. Andrade is hopeful on the subject, though not exactly sanguine:

What can we say on this subject? Because at present it costs a relatively enormous amount of energy to provoke a few nuclei to give up part of their store, must it always be so? Arguing from the past, we may say that the first savage who liberated molecular energy by rubbing sticks together had to do a great deal more work in his rubbing than was represented by the heat of his burning fragment. He learnt, however, how to use his one burning fragment to make other pieces of wood burn and give up their molecular energy. May not we learn how to start nuclear changes in one piece of matter, and then how to use this piece to communicate them to another piece of matter? It is possible; that is, it is not against the laws of science. Of course, it may be a long business learning how to control this spread of nuclear change, just as it was probably a long business learning to control the spread of molecular energy. The first firemakers probably burnt down a few forests; our descendants may destroy a few towns.

In the meantime there is still room for a great deal of improvement in the use of our store of fuel. Even to-day, it is regrettably true that many engines are terribly wasteful—and the best in this kind are but shadows. Dr. Andrade sums up the position in an interesting paragraph:

The Diesel engine has the great advantage of fuel economy. Of all heat engines it turns the greatest proportion of heat into work, which is what we should expect from our rules, for owing to the high compression we get our heat supplied at a very high temperature. The thermal efficiency runs as high as 33 per cent. or so, which means that of all the heat which can be given out by burning the fuel, the Diesel can turn one-third into work. The rest is lost as heat in the hot exhaust gases, in heating the cylinder, and in frictional heat losses. The gas engine comes very near this with about 30 per cent. in the best cases. The steam turbine can, in favourable conditions, turn about 28 per cent. of the heat into work. The best reciprocating steam engine does about 22 per cent., but this is exceptional. A very good reciprocating triple or quadruple expansion marine engine turns about 17 per cent. of the heat into work. A good locomotive, suffering enormously from not being a condensing engine, only turns something approaching 5 per cent. into work; the other 95 per cent. goes ultimately to warm up the countryside.

One of Dr. Andrade's most interesting chapters is that which describes the early attempts to make a steam engine, and incidentally gives a lucid account of the real greatness of Watt. It is curious to learn that the earliest invention still used in our steam-engines in its primitive form was that of the safety valve, which was invented by Denis Papin about 1680, for use with his well-known digester. Dr. Andrade cannot resist the pleasure of quoting Papin's own amorous account of his success; neither can we:

I took beef bones that had never been boiled, but kept dry a long time, and of the hardest part of the leg; these being put into a little glass pot with water I included in the engine. . . . I found very good jelly in my pot, without taste or colour, like hartshorn jelly; and having seasoned it with sugar and jounce of lemon, I did eat it with as much pleasure, and found it as stomachical, as if it had been jelly of hartshorn.

One of the features of Dr. Andrade's writings is always the aptness of his quotations from the older scientific literature in which few contemporaries are better read. There is a singularly modern atmosphere in Watt's account of an engine which he had been erecting for a Cornish mine-owner towards the end of the eighteenth century. He says:

At present the velocity, violence, magnitude and horrible noise of the engine give universal satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its stroke gently and make less noise: but Mr. — cannot sleep unless it seems quite furious, so I have left it to the engine-man. And, by the bye, the noise serves to convey great ideas of the power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man.

The modern motor-cyclist, who loves to cut out his silencer, even on a level road, seems to have much in common with Watt's Cornish customer.

IN FRENCH PRISONS

The Enormous Room. By E. E. Cummings.

Cape. 7s. 6d.

Condemned to Devil's Island. By Blair Niles.

Cape. 10s. 6d.

THE reactions of Americans to the French prison system must, on the evidence of these two books, be classified as lurid. Mr. Cummings is an artist and poet of the ultra-modern school. In an introduction to this book Mr. Robert Graves gives us a startling specimen of his verse, and Mr. T. E. Lawrence (whose name is now T. E. Shaw), another of his sponsors, remarks very moderately that he "prefers" Mr. Cummings's prose. So do we. The prose is admirable—not because of its "occasional stylistic strangeness," which pleases the whimsical taste of T. E. Lawrence but to most other readers will seem dangerously like affectation, but because of its clarity and sincerity and its amazing descriptive power, which in places almost equals that of Mr. Lawrence's namesake, "T. H." These gifts of Mr. Cummings's are seen at their best not when he is trying to be "strange" and clever, but when he is telling us quite simply what happened to him.

Mr. Cummings was not put in prison for his free verse, nor for his untidy appearance and easy manners, which so annoyed the American officer under whom he was serving (in an ambulance unit) in the war. He was arrested because his friend, Brown, had written home some very foolish letters, which got into the hands of the French authorities and were regarded by them as seditious. And as Brown and Cummings were never seen apart, the authorities determined to make things quite safe by arresting them both. They were thrown into a peculiarly unattractive house of detention (it was not legally a prison) at La Ferté Macé, a feature of which was an "enormous room" (Mr. Cummings makes you feel and hate its size) where all the male prisoners slept and lived together like so many cattle. There they remained for months without trial. But as Mr. Cummings's father, Mr. Edward Cummings, very honestly says in his "foreword":

France was beset with enemies within as well as without. Some of the "suspects" were members of her official household. She was distracted with fear. Her existence was at stake. Under such circumstances excesses were sure to be committed.

That is very true, and it is not easy now to get back to the atmosphere of "fear" which then prevailed. But if one quarter of the things which Mr. Cummings, junior, alleges are true, he has a very serious grievance. According to him these "suspects," most of whom had never been tried, nor even informed of the precise nature of the "suspensions" entertained against them, were treated as few civilized nations would treat a convicted criminal to-day. Mr. Cummings is excitable. For instance, he invariably refers to the *directeur* of the place as "Apollyon." But he does disclose a very shocking state of affairs. And he does (which was probably his main object) present us with a literary *tour de force*, in his vivid description of the place and of his fellow prisoners. It seems to have burnt into his brain. As to whether his readers believe him, "it makes not the smallest difference to me."

At the same time there is a certain inconvenience in this mixture of fact and fiction, so popular just now in America. The ordinary reader can never tell which is which. Here is Mrs. Blair Niles with a painful, not to say revolting, account of life in the

penal colony of French Guiana, all of which is cast in what we call "fiction form." Yet she tells us that her hero is "a fact," and that all the other characters are "based on existing types." All she has done is to "dramatize" the story. If so we may be grateful to her, for the story has now lost all air of verisimilitude. It would be intolerable if it rang true. How anyone survives for a week on Devil's Island, assuming the conditions to be anything like those described here, is a mystery Mrs. Niles leaves unexplained. As for the wood-cuts with which the book is illustrated, we encounter the first with horror. Obviously none of these cadaverous wrecks of prisoners can live another day, we say to ourselves. But after we have met the same melancholy skeletons some six or seven times, we begin to find more humour in them than tragedy. And that applies to the whole book. Thank goodness, it cannot be true!

COAST CUSTOMS

Akan Laws and Customs and the Akim Abuakwa Constitution. By J. B. Danquah. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

Cases in Akan Law. Decisions delivered by the Hon. Nana Sir Ofori Atta. Edited by J. B. Danquah. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

THE Akan tribes are, properly speaking, the peoples of the Gold Coast which do not practice circumcision; the eastern section of them is known as Akim or Akyem, and Akim Abuakwa is the most easterly of the three Akim areas. Mr. Danquah, who is himself an Akan, has therefore, speaking geographically, had a comparatively restricted field to cover, and he has written an interesting and useful book. If we are going to overthrow the native culture of Africa and improve the native beyond recognition, it is well that some of the more gifted among her sons should set themselves to record what they can of the old life before it is too late.

If the author intends to follow up his first effort he must bear three points in mind; apart from a not very happily chosen terminology and occasional overloading of a sentence with a cloud of unnecessary words, he is inclined to offer his readers a series of inconsistent statements, not because he does not know what he means, but because he has a trick of saying what he does not mean. We read, for example, that both this and the next world are equally unhappy; a few lines lower the dead are said to live in perpetual happiness or unhappiness according to their deserts; on the next page we find that all are reborn three times, and also that the dead never quit their graves; but it is also asserted that the spirit only hovers over the grave, perhaps no oftener than once a year.

The avoidance of contradictions like these is much but not all; it is equally necessary for an author to compare his data with those of other writers and resolve or explain all apparent inconsistencies. An Akan man belongs to two different groups by birth, one (here called clan) with matrilineal descent and a strict exogamous rule, the other (gens) descending in the male line and possibly also exogamous. Mr. Danquah, who relegates his data to an appendix, gives lists differing from those of Rattray, whose genealogies show intermarriage between members of what Mr. Danquah regards as the same clan. If our author will set himself to collecting data on a large scale by the genealogical method, doubts on such questions can be cleared up.

In this way he will also go far to make sure that he does not overlook the third essential of good work—the complete elucidation of his own data. He tells us that the Atwere gens is composed mainly of

the children and grandchildren of the Asona kings. If by Asona kings we are to understand kings of the Asona clan, this statement points to a rule that Asona women of the royal house must marry Atwere men. The dual organization with both patrilineal and matrilineal descent is widely spread in Africa, from the Serer of Senegambia to the Herero of S.W. Africa, and any data which throw light on the inter-relations of the two kinds of grouping are of the utmost importance for the history of primitive social organization.

If Mr. Danquah had submitted his manuscript to expert criticism, he might have cleared up these and other points; he abstained from studying theoretical works under the influence of the idea that he would be unable to present an undistorted view of native life if he studied scientific works of anthropology; but this is to confuse fact and theory. Even if he was irrevocably wedded to the idea of preserving his innocence he might, it is clear, have invited from an expert a simple statement of points on which further information was desirable.

As a compilation for native use the work on case law may be in other respects satisfactory; but for the European reader a carefully annotated volume would have been vastly more valuable. What, for example, is the meaning of the fact that a defendant, charged with enticing away his own wife's sister from her lawful spouse, divorced his own wife for the purpose of marrying her sister? It clearly suggests that it is not lawful to marry two sisters; but this is nowhere explicitly stated. Again, marriage is forbidden between members of the same clan; but it was held in one case that doubt was not cast on the clan of a plaintiff's mother's brother by the fact that he was married to a slave of his own clan; but elsewhere we read that slaves had no clan.

This volume, even more than the other, suffers from defective terminology; we read for example:

Plaintiff claims damages for defamation of character by stating defendant had called fetich curse upon the wife of one Kwaku Dakwa, Mansa.

This should be "by defendant when he laid a curse on Mansa. . ."

In a book which aspires to be an authoritative work on case law, such blunders ought not to occur; true, the book is simply a transcript of the record book of the clerk to the tribunal; but as the record book is but a translation of the original in Akan, it should have been possible to modify the wording so as to represent accurately the sense of the judicial process.

The main question, however, which this and the companion work will suggest to the reflective reader is how far the revolutionary changes that are transforming native life will ultimately be for the good of the people of Africa. In olden times land was a cherished possession and members of a family would cheerfully volunteer to be sold rather than part with the land to meet a pressing liability. Now slavery has been forbidden and partly owing to this, partly owing to the demand for land for mass production over and above the needs of the owner, some towns are hard pressed for plots of land on which to raise a year's supply of food. Tinned salmon or bully beef may, it is true, be bought as long as the purchase money of the land is not exhausted; but ultimately the result is to send the men of the community to the mines or the plantations to earn a living. If this means the break-up of the present social system, irreparable harm may be done, for it can hardly be said that Europe has been so successful in solving its own problems that it can tackle others in which the conditions are all novel.

The evil is not merely economic, however; real property is also a spiritual heritage, for it is, or was, supposed to be guarded by the Asamanfo or ancestral spirits. We are, therefore, subverting the whole

basis of native morals when we lead those tribes to look upon the sale of land with European eyes. Even native art is suffering under the sudden economic welfare of this generation; it is all a question of how to own the largest cocoa farm and reap the greatest harvest; it is a mark of poverty to live in an old-style house with mural decorations and evidence of taste. The transformation has been wrought, not because anyone seriously maintains that it is ultimately for the good of the native, but because it happens to serve the purpose of the European capitalist, whose balance sheet takes the place of his conscience, and the responsibility is grave.

GREAT BRITAIN AND EGYPT

Great Britain in Egypt. By Major E. W. Polson Newman. Cassell. 15s.

MAJOR POLSON NEWMAN'S book appears, fortunately, at a moment when Egypt is once more in the limelight; but unfortunately in the sense that the present situation is one which he has quite failed to anticipate. The peremptory suspension of parliamentary government by King Fuad and his Prime Minister, without any effective protest from any part of the country, is one which must surely have astonished an observer who takes Egyptian democracy as seriously as this writer seems to do. It is clear that Major Newman credits the Egyptian elector with more political intelligence and more pride in the exercise of the franchise than the present rulers of Egypt would be disposed to allow him. And from the continued apathy of the country in the face of this recent *coup d'état* it would appear that the Egyptian statesmen were right and Major Polson Newman wrong.

He has written, however, a very useful book, especially in regard to recent events since the death of Sir Eldon Gorst. Students of Near Eastern affairs will find here all that quiet shrewdness and cool detachment which we have learnt to expect from Major Polson Newman; and, above all, they will find that whether they agree with his judgments or not they can, as usual, rely implicitly upon his facts.

NEW IDEAS

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The weaker half of the book, as we have indicated, is that which deals with events previous to 1911. It may be presumed without offence that Major Polson Newman has no first-hand knowledge of events in Egypt at that date. He seems to over-estimate Arabi, blaming the British authorities for not coming to some working agreement with that quite untrustworthy and irresponsible personage. Arabi, in his view, was the founder of the Egyptian Nationalist movement, and he puts Saad Zaghloul in direct lineal descent. Of the real founders of the movement as we see it to-day—that brilliant youth, the late Mustapha Pasha Kamel, and his vituperative lieutenant, the journalist, Shawish—Major Polson Newman makes no mention at all. Nor does he sufficiently allow for the influence of the Press. In 1909 Mustapha Kamel's journal, the *Lewa*, was believed to have a circulation of a million copies a day. Major Newman depicts Lord Cromer as departing amid a chorus of praise—which he certainly deserved—but as a matter of fact he left to the accompaniment of noisy and vulgar abuse from the influential native Press, which, as an old-fashioned Liberal, he had steadily refused to censor. Egyptian Nationalism is the outcome of newspaper agitation, which began in Lord Cromer's time and has never ceased since. Without in any way disparaging the loyalty of Egypt during the war—which Major Polson Newman very properly emphasizes—it may fairly be pointed out that this was the only period in the recent history of the country when the native Press was effectively muzzled. It is true that they had to be careful with Lord Kitchener; but it is true, too, that in Lord Kitchener's time—as compared with Lord Cromer's later years or with the whole of the Gorst regime—there was comparative peace. Yet Major Newman blames the military censorship—says it “stifled the natural outlet for grievances”—without apparently realizing that it was the work of General Maxwell, for whom he has nothing but praise.

But on post-war Egypt, from about 1918 onwards, he is very clear and very sound. He comes to the conclusion—as most people have by now—that the sudden grant of independence was a mistake. He sums up the position with admirable clarity, and with conspicuous fairness to the Egyptians; and he adds appendices giving the terms of the declaration of independence and the subsequent draft treaty, so that any reader can see at a glance the exact cause of the misunderstandings and confusions that have arisen and the nature of the present impasse. It is never easy to be optimistic about Egypt, and Major Polson Newman, whose one cure is the “political development” of the people, cannot, we fear, have been greatly encouraged by the course of events since his book went to the printer.

FORTY YEARS ON

Reminiscences of a Harrow Master. By C. H. P. Mayo. Rivingtons. 6s.

MR. MAYO'S book does not depend, for its importance or its interest, upon intrinsic merit. It was his fortune to be a master at Harrow for nearly forty years, and those forty years included the short period when the whole of Europe was turned upside down. The author came to Harrow when it was a village, known only for its school on the hill, and he lived on there through all the changes. He can recall the first faint breath of the new age that was so chill upon the serene faces of the Victorians; the growing impetus of the minor revolution, when the classics lost their kingship; the assaults upon

tradition, both from inside and from outside; and finally, the totally new Harrow after the war (with six boys learning Greek!).

One of Mr. Mayo's first pupils was Mr. Winston Churchill, of whom a good story is told; but not as good as that of the boy who sent a telegram to his parents during a diphtheria scare saying, “We are dying like flies, send for me at once.” Excellent, too, is the remark made at a headmasters' conference that “the only hope for French teaching in an English school lies in the French master getting his collar-bone broken at Rugby football.”

Extrinsically the book is important as a chronicle of what a passionately sincere schoolmaster really feels about the astonishing public-school system. It is clear that when the sentimentality is swept away there remains the kind of loyalty that a man gives to his country or to the woman he loves; and in the case of Harrow this loyalty is stimulated by a unique collection of school songs.

There is a foreword by the Dean of Durham, Dr. Welldon, and a number of interesting photographs; also some of Mr. Walter M. Keesey's well-known sketches, reproduced from the ‘Harrow Sketch Book.’

¶ The attention of competitors in both the literary and the Acrostic Competitions is again drawn to the importance of observing the rule regarding the closing dates. Solutions which reach us later than the time specified in the rules are automatically disqualified. In spite of repeated notices to this effect, solutions continue to reach us too late for adjudication.

¶ Subscribers who are temporarily changing their address are asked to notify the Publisher at the earliest opportunity.

RADCLYFFE HALL'S THE WELL OF LONELINESS

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‘Her appeal is a powerful one, and is supported with passages of great force and beauty.’ *Saturday Review*

Demy 8vo. 512 pages. 15s. net.

London
Jonathan Cape 30 Bedford Square

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

- The Lives and Deaths of Roland Greer.* By Richard Pyke. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.
This Delicate Creature. By Con O'Leary. Constable. 7s. 6d.
Home to Harlem. By Claude McKay. Harpers. 7s. 6d.
General Crack. By George Preedy. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

MR. RICHARD PYKE must be a young man, with youth's ability to contemplate unlimited misery, otherwise he could not have prepared the banquet of horrors which he calls 'The Lives and Deaths of Roland Greer.' The Greers were a Jewish family, a mother and four children. Roland was his mother's favourite, a mother's darling. His dependence on her, which persisted after her death, he both loathed and loved; it was one of his lives. The influence of his elder brother, Daniel, very anti-matriarchal, furnished him with a second life. His relations with women provided a third ("Don't interfere!") Roland complained silently. "It's my sexual life, not yours! Leave me alone!" He had a fourth life of his own, so disagreeable that after a brief attempt to live it, he dreamed that he had committed suicide. Waking, he put the dream into practice.

'The Lives and Deaths of Roland Greer' is a most uncomfortable book. There is no disputing its cleverness or its originality. In the account of Roland's childhood Mr. Pyke successfully explores the difficult region between thought and sensation

where so many modern novelists have wandered unprofitably. From the quarrel between Roland and Daniel he extracts the last ounce of bitterness: the dictum that "to be wroth with one we love doth work like madness on the brain" could not have found livelier illustration. Though the style is often clumsy and diffuse, there are few pages which do not show some signal instance of Mr. Pyke's power to think and feel for himself. But he puts more faith in his nerves than in his imagination, more faith in his imagination than in his experience; and he trusts his own lightest word (and Freud's) rather than the voice of all the ages. When anything happens, which is equivalent to saying when a disaster happens, to the Greer family they "react" not like human beings but like Greers, that is, like hypersensitive egoists, suffering from a mixture of arrested and accelerated development. An outside event contributes nothing of its own quality to the Greers, it merely inflames their Greerishness. Myra Greer's death-bed, surrounded by ungrateful children wearing an outwardly correct demeanour but nursing unfriendly sentiments underneath, makes horrible reading, but it is not true to life. Death is a large important fact, which imposes its proper train of feelings on those who come in contact with it, be they never so much Greers. Mr. Pyke's interesting and painful story does not sufficiently take this into account.

How often it turns out that a "good idea for a novel" does not make a good novel. The idea is like a cuckoo; intolerant of the other nestlings it cannot rest until it has got the whole place to itself. The more clear-cut and self-sufficient the idea, the greater its pretensions; and the greater its power of making other considerations seem irrelevant. As often as not it persists in remaining an abstraction, it refuses to clothe itself properly in flesh and blood;

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it will not lend itself to incident, or else it monotonously affects the same kind of incident, and declines any other; it cannot be compressed or developed, but obstinately remains the same size. By refusing to consider any kind of life that does not illustrate and glorify it, it cuts a canal through experience, the artificiality of which is apparent to all beholders.

'This Delicate Creature' is a novel with an idea. The heroine, Boda, has a husband much older than herself, and much richer. She deceives him; but Freddy Norlott, in whose arms she is discovered on the first page (the whole book is remarkable for frankness of treatment), really prefers a chorus-girl called Ursula. The shallow, frivolous Boda, ever seeking new sensations, discovers a bearded traveller who, for the price of a kiss, promises to put at her disposal an oriental drug, a punishment for criminals. In the dream induced by the drug, the victim finds himself transformed successively into those whom in his lifetime he has most injured; the experience is unforgettable and finally destructive of happiness. Boda pays the price with surprising reluctance and takes the drug. As mouse, labourer's wife, chorus-girl, race-horse, discarded lover, Alsatian dog, pheasant, naked with furry beasts all round, demanding her skin, even as her own husband—she passes a very disturbed though salutary night, dying many disagreeable deaths, all inflicted directly or indirectly by herself in the shape of Lady Ursula. It is an admirable idea and all the separate incidents are told with great spirit: but, as will be easily seen, the same nail is always being hit, and soon it becomes incapable of taking further punishment. True, Mr. O'Leary has a last card up his sleeve, which he plays with dexterity, giving the story a moral, and an improving end: but for three-quarters of its bulk it is static, depending for its interest solely on the life Mr. O'Leary is able to put into Boda's successive re-incarnations. This is considerable, the illusion of continuity is preserved, and we scarcely notice that what we are reading is really a series of short stories.

'Home to Harlem' is about negroes and written by a negro, but intended (so it seems) for white readers. There is an educated negro who quotes in full Wordsworth's sonnet to Toussaint L'Ouverture, and knows about Sappho—"a real person, a wonderful woman, a great Greek poet." The rest, including the hero Jake, are ignorant of such matters: they spend their time in drinking (prohibition is not yet established), singing, dancing, indiscriminate love-making and manual labour. They would have discouraged Toussaint and disgusted Wordsworth: they have exaltations and agonies and Love, but little, alas! of Man's unconquerable Mind. Here is a specimen of their conversation and behaviour:

A crash cut through the music. A table went jazzing into the drum. The cabaret singer lay sprawling on the floor. A raging putty-skinned mulatress stamped on her ribs and spat in her face! "That'll teach you to leave mah man be every time." A black waitress rushed the mulatress. "Git off'n her! Causen she's down."

A potato-yellow man and a dull black were locked. The proprietor, a heavy brown man, worked his elbow like a hatchet between them. . . .

"What do you want to knock the gal down like that for, I acks you?"

"Better acks her why she done spits on mah woman."

"Woman! White man's wench, you mean. You low-down tripe. . . ."

Shade of little Eva! It is a Legree that is needed here. 'Home to Harlem' does not promote understanding of any kind, certainly not between the white and coloured races.

'General Crack' is a romantic fantasy of eighteenth-century Central European history, something in the manner of Jew Süss, and like it more remarkable for effectiveness of execution than depth of conception. The hero is a mercenary general, invincible as Wallenstein, mobile as Mansfield, picturesque as Saxe, whose career may have suggested his. The villain is a Transylvanian, a left-handed descendant of Bethlen

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Gabor. The dupe is one Leopold, Elector of Bavaria, of whom history is silent but who bears a resemblance to the ill-fated Charles VII. Like him, this bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour, tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power, but he does not stay there long. General Crack, whose wife's lover he was, makes him Emperor and unmakes him again. The dialogue is formal, the characters speak coldly, calmly, stiffly, suavely, grimly, with ironic deference. Of humour there is none, save when someone speaks with a bitter smile. The story is rather silly, but Mr. Preedy manages to get dignity and impressiveness into its details. Its relation to history is conducted on the give-and-take principle; it gives a love-interest, and takes the period charm. The latter is the more interesting, and Mr. Preedy has shown skill in extracting it.

SHORTER NOTICES

Christ's Hospital from a Boy's Point of View. By the Rev. W. Dignes La Touche. Cambridge: Heffer. 3s. 6d.

THIS little book can hardly be regarded as supplementary to the two exhaustive volumes by the Bishop of Worcester and Mr. Edmund Blunden on the same subject. It contains, however, much interesting information on Christ's Hospital in the 'sixties. The author was in one respect more fortunate than his distinguished predecessors, Charles Lamb and Coleridge. Boyer had been dead some years, and in the interval there had been a much-needed relaxation of the school discipline. The standard, though, was sufficiently Spartan—the "pampering" of scholars has never been in favour at the Bluecoat School. The fare was of the simplest. "For breakfast in Hall," writes Mr. La Touche, "we had simply bread and milk; the milk had always a percentage of water added—warm water—and was frequently sky blue. . . . For dinner we had various joints, sometimes beef, sometimes pork, but only one helping. We had potatoes, one small piece of bread, and as much salt and water as we could eat and drink." In those days the school had not yet been removed from Newgate Street to Horsham, and the tedium of existence was occasionally relieved by an execution at the neighbouring Old Bailey. M. La Touche could recall the crowds hurrying to the place—"men and women running as hard as they could pelt, butcher boys with their trays on their shoulders. And then we used to count solemnly the strokes of the bell at St. Sepulchre's." In spite of all the hardship and discomfort which he was forced to endure, Mr. La Touche appears to have enjoyed his schooldays, and there is no doubt that he enjoyed his holidays.

Rogues and Vagabonds. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. **The Comedy of Life.** Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. English Literature Library. The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. each.

MR. BRIMLEY JOHNSON is surely the most overworked editor in England. There is no keeping pace with his activities. The English Literature Library is affording him ample scope for the development of his talents. This series of books has been designed (according to the publishers) "with the idea of giving in a small compass representative selections from English literature which will be interesting and entertaining to the general reader while giving the student a bird's-eye view of particular phases of English letters." An admirable ambition! The taste of the age is for anthologies, and it is due to Mr. Johnson to say that these anthologies are all that they set out to be. Mr. Johnson's width of range may be indicated by the fact that in the 'Rogues and Vagabonds' volume selections are made from writers so diverse as Defoe, Swift, Mrs. Aphra Behn and Dr. Francis Godwin. 'The Comedy of Life' illustrates the development of the English novel in the eighteenth century. Starting with Richardson's 'Pamela,' we are introduced in succession to Fielding, Smollett, Sterne and Goldsmith. Mr. Johnson has made his selections with great care and unflinching taste, and the volume would make an excellent "bedside" book, and provide an effective antidote to that mental malady which our grandfathers were in the habit of calling "the spleen." The serious student will find the bibliographies useful.

Granville Sharp and the Freedom of Slaves in England. By E. C. P. Lascelles. Milford: Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

MR. LASCELLES gives us a brief but complete and satisfactory account of the long war waged by Granville Sharp in the English law courts at the end of the eighteenth century to establish the principle that a slave ceased to be a slave when he landed in England, and that if, as often happened, a negro brought here from Jamaica by his master ran away, he could not be re-arrested. The writhings and wriggings of that

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is not usually looked upon as a residential quarter. But the SLUMS and TENEMENTS of CLERKENWELL are CROWDED and OVER-CROWDED with women and children sorely in need of a HEALTH-GIVING HOLIDAY in the COUNTRY or by the SEA. Will you help us to send as many away this Summer as in former years—OR EVEN MORE? Please respond to WILLIAM WILKES, Secretary,

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great lawyer, Lord Mansfield, in his attempts to avoid being compelled to lay down a general principle, while Granville Sharp brought case after case before him, form not the least interesting and amusing part of the book. It had to come in the end, of course, and the slaves got their charter. With duelling and the press-gang, both of which he sought to abolish, Granville Sharp was less successful, though he probably did more than he knew to arouse public opinion against these practices. He was an interesting type, with his eager ascetic face, and his passion for abstract justice, and Mr. Lascelles handles him very well.

Through the Moon Door. By Dorothy Graham. Williams and Norgate. 21s.

MRS. GRAHAM is an American lady who lived at Pekin during that exciting period in its history, some three years ago, when Wu-pei-Fu and Chang-tso-Lin, and that admirable stage-manager, the "Christian General," were fighting for its ownership. The charm of her book—and it has very great charm—lies in her unaffected absorption in her domestic affairs. We get to know her garden almost as well as our own; we go shopping with her and sympathize with her "servant troubles"; and we watch the strange new life which is going on around us with all the eager curiosity of new arrivals. This descriptive part of the book is most competently done—or not so much "competently" as with a natural gift for that kind of writing, which we so often admire in Americans. And when Mrs. Graham has anything to say about larger questions—international politics and so forth—her comments are always shrewd. Finally she had her camera with her, and took some really excellent photographs, which are reproduced here.

The Prince Errant, and Other Stories. By "Rita" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys). Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

THE novel was once described by Jane Austen as "a smooth tale, generally of love." This formula is peculiarly applicable to the fiction of "Rita." In this volume she has brought together a number of short stories, in most of which love plays the predominant part. They are of all sorts—tragic, ironic, comic. 'The Prince Errant' itself is a tale of a young Prince who, alarmed at the prospect of imminent sovereignty, escapes from the royal palace and sets forth in quest of adventures. It is not long before he finds them. This story has a happy ending, as the reader will have anticipated before he has quite finished the second page. In others, and notably in 'Ashes of Roses'—perhaps the best story in the book—the element of the unexpected is allowed freer play. 'The Benefactor' is in lighter vein, and the concluding story, 'Room 13 A,' which is told in dialogue form, is a piece of light comedy. "Rita's" reputation with her public will be maintained by the publication of these tales.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

RULES

1. The book chosen must be named when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, and its price must not exceed a guinea.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Competition" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 335

(Twelfth of the 24th Quarter)

A FAMOUS BRITISH KING; A VALIANT SPANISH KNIGHT;
OF ONE DID POETS SING, OF ONE CERVANTES WRITE.

1. Its flower was gathered round our monarch's board.
2. Clip at both ends off whom our knight once scored.
3. Never by this have nations affluence found.
4. Reverse and halve a boggy piece of ground.
5. Crafty and shrewd—two letters we don't need.
6. Curtail the strap with which you curb your steed.
7. Sudden its onset and severe the pain.
8. This little town seek in the north of Spain.
9. Swimmers, beware! I've carried men away.
10. For clothes bought thus there will be less to pay.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 333

'NOVEL IN VERSE,' AND SHE TO WHOM WE OWE IT.

1. My spotless pages lure the budding poet.
2. From boy or beast what barbers shave subtract.
3. E'en in the Happy Vale content he lacked.
4. Behead what scatters death and desolation.
5. Bravely he battles for the British nation.
6. A ploughman in a Roman garb curtail.
7. His heart who rouses laughter without fail.
8. Occurs when subterranean forces wake.
9. Allowance from creative influence take.
10. Thief of the guarded gold he'll swift pursue.
11. Young rascal! This were surely good for you.

Solution of Acrostic No. 333

A	ibu	M	¹ See Johnson's <i>Rasselas</i> , ch. ii: "The
U		Rchin	Discontent of <i>Rasselas</i> in the Happy
R	assela	S ¹	Valley."
bO	m	B	² As when a griffin through the wilderness
R	egula	R	With winged course o'er hill or moor
A	rat	Or	dale
cL	o	Wn	Pursues the Arimaspean, who by stealth
E	ruptio	N	Had from his wakeful custody purloined
I	nsp	Ivation	The guarded gold.
G	rifi	N ²	<i>Paradise Lost</i> , ii. 943.
H	idin	G	

ACROSTIC No. 333.—The winner is Mr. G. K. Paley, Church Speen Lodge, Newbury, Berks, who has selected as his prize 'Sir Peter-Paul Rubens,' by Anthony Bertram, published by Davies and reviewed in our columns on August 4. Three other competitors named this book, 22 chose 'We Forget Because We Must,' 10 'With the Foreign Legion in Syria,' 7 'Epigrams' by G. R. Hamilton, etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Ceyx, Clam, Dhualt, Cyril E. Ford, Ganeah, Iago, Jop, John Lennie, Margaret, Martha, G. W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Polamar, Sisyphus, St. Ives, C. J. Warden, Yendu.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Bertram R. Carter, J. Chambers, Crayke, Maud Crowther, D. L., Miss E. W. Fox, H. C. M., Miss Kelly, Lilian, J. S. MacArthur, Madge, Miss Moore, Peter, Quis, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Twyford, H. M. Vaughan, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Armada, C. C. J., Farsdon, Glamis, Hanworth, Jeff, J. F. Maxwell, Lady Mottram, Stucco. All others more.

N. O. SELLAM.—You are right in choosing Hiding on the ground that Hanging cannot be good for anyone.

A. E.—Please note that by "curtailing" and "beheading" I mean cutting off one letter only.

C. E. FORD.—An Elucidator is one who throws light on a subject. A Mr. Peter Poundtext can expound a text by the hour together without really throwing any light at all upon it. That is why I did not accept Expound.

OUR 24TH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Tenth Round the leaders are: Clam, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus; A. de V. Blathwayt, John Lennie, Lilian, C. J. Warden, Yendu; Boskerris, Martha; Carlton, St. Ives; Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, G. W. Miller, Capt. W. R. Wolseley; Mrs. Boothroyd, Dhualt, Farsdon, Peter, Shorwell.

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MOTORING

By W. H. STIRLING

IN the motoring world the cynosure of all eyes to-day will be the International Tourist Trophy Race, which will be decided in Ulster, under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club. A good deal has already appeared in the Press about the entries and the various makes and nationalities of competing cars. A few words about the course may be of interest. It is triangular and measures 13-2/3rd miles round—the three legs of the triangle are about the same length, the base being at the top and the apex downwards. One base, or top leg, runs from Dundonald eastwards to Newtownards, from there south to Comber, and thence north-west again to Dundonald. With, say, fifty-six starters, the cars will be passing continuously, one or more always in sight; the biggest cars should lap the course in twelve minutes or less. One four miles from Comber to Dundonald will provide the finest test for driving, for there are few straight stretches, though there is ample room for passing. Taken altogether, the course is a good one and should allow of some fast speeds.

It is interesting to note that the race is for touring cars as supplied to the public, with certain adjustments necessary for racing. Being run on a handicap basis, the smaller cars are given a few laps start. With the great increase in the number of cars on the road, it is satisfactory to learn that the number of accidents is not proportionately large, but actually tends to decrease—the accidents at Whitsuntide were

fewer than at Easter. It is too early to give figures for August Bank Holiday, but if they do not show an increase, it may be inferred that people are learning to observe the necessary amenities of the road and to drive with more care. It may also be deduced that a better road sense exists among newcomers to motoring, and that more care is taken to imbue the embryo motorist with this very necessary qualification.

If it were possible always to keep a car as it reaches us from the makers, with all the "show" finish on it, none of us would have any objection. For years manufacturers have been striving to turn out their vehicles with a finish as lasting as possible and needing the minimum of time spent on it for its upkeep. Plating looks very well, but continuous polishing is required. If, on the other hand, much black finish is used, that only looks well when it is fresh and new, and much attention is necessary for its good appearance. In the United States the American makers have decided to make chromium a standard finish, as it possesses certain definite advantages. It is claimed for chromium that it is untarnishable and its hardness prevents it from being readily scratched. It will not stain like silver, neither will it oxidize, and it has a brighter and more lustrous colour than anything else, with a velvety appearance. Water runs off it without wetting the surface. In the past there have been difficulties connected with chromium plating, but I understand they have been successfully overcome. Probably many cars will exhibit this finish at the next Olympia show. A slight rub over with a cloth is all that is necessary. This should particularly appeal to owner-drivers!

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INSURANCE

PARTNERSHIP RISKS

By D. CAMERON FORRESTER

I N a recent issue of *Canadian Insurance* the question was put:

Suppose the telephone rings and a voice says, "Your partner died last night"—

1. Will you buy his interest?
2. Have you the ready money to do it?
3. Will you desire to have his widow as a partner?
4. Will you take a new partner?
5. How long will it take to find him?
6. Can you finance the right man?
7. Would you like to have a cheque big enough to establish you?
8. How big should that cheque be?

Apart from the actual death of a partner there is the possibility that he may wish to retire on reaching a certain age and require to be paid out his interest. This or the death of a partner whose capital share may have to be paid out by the surviving partner or partners may easily prove both awkward and disadvantageous in a partnership business. Again, a business may owe much of its success to the particular knowledge and skill of a working partner whose death might, temporarily at all events, affect the profits. Even where, as is sometimes the case, a deceased partner's interest is paid out of profits spread over a number of years it may interfere with the income of the surviving members of the firm for the period concerned.

All the foregoing contingencies may be provided against by means of special life assurance contracts, the necessary premiums for which are either charged to ordinary running expenses or against the partnership fund. There are several methods, the most usual being a cheap non-profit policy on the joint lives of the partners concerned. If we assume, for illustration, two partners aged thirty-five next birthday wishing to assure the return of equal capital at the death of whichever dies first, the cost payable throughout the period of assurance would be approximately £33 per annum for each £1,000 assured. Under such a contract the life office would, in the event of a dissolution of partnership or otherwise, exchange the original policy for separate contracts on each partner for equal proportions of the original sum. There are two main benefits of this arrangement. First, each partner would secure an individual whole-life policy for the premium chargeable at his age when the partnership contract was first effected, and secondly, he would not be under the necessity of being medically examined a second time. Policies similar to the foregoing may be obtained with premiums limited to an agreed number of years, so that the partnership is thereafter relieved of the annual charge.

Maximum cover against partnership risks at a low initial outlay may also be obtained by effecting a "convertible term" policy. If one for a twenty-year term were selected the sum assured would be payable on the first death of either partner during that term. At any time up to five years short of the full term, however, they would have several conversion options to other forms of individual assurance contracts. These would be free of further medical examination, but the new premium would be the ordinary one chargeable for the ages which the partners had attained.

In cases where a partner may have a wish to retire at a specified age a joint-life endowment may be effected for the amount by which the business may have to face a paying out of capital. The amount assured would then be paid out on the first death of either partner, or at the end of the term selected if the partners survived it.

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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

IN the last few weeks the oil position has been more interesting than for a long time past. 1927 was a bad oil year; but the improvement in the industry started with the turn of the year, the big refining units instituting a tightening-up in their policy with dealers which allowed them better profits without advancing prices to the consumer. Thus most of the American companies for the first half of the current year have shown greatly improved returns. We have had cessation of the oil "war" in India, and, more recently, rising prices for Mid-Continent crude and Pennsylvanian crude—the latter being of little importance in considering the oil position as a whole. Better prices are ruling for gasoline in the United States on phenomenal consumption, and oil shareholders may possibly look for a slight advance in petrol in this country. Thus the oil outlook, with the leading British and American interests amicably disposed one to another, should be for improvement. The question of restricting Venezuelan oil has yet to be settled; but considering the dangerous position of the West Texas oilfields that point must come up for consideration in the near future. There would appear a number of factors making for greater stability than has been present for a long time.

SHELL TRANSPORT AND SHELL UNION

Of all oil shares, whether we take British or American, there is none with such outstanding intrinsic merit as those of Shell Transport. This company slightly increased earnings in 1927—one of the worst years known in the industry. It is an industrial investment of the highest quality, irrespective of the fact that the commodity it deals in is highly speculative. Shell Union, the great American subsidiary of the Royal Dutch Shell Combine, is an outstanding example of the successful penetration of European interests into America—the home of the industry. The company, like all American companies, shows a big drop in profits for 1927; it might, however, be profitable not to pay too much attention to the mere profit-statement, but rather to look into the strong programme of expansion which the company has been carrying out in that unprofitable year. The company borrowed \$50,000,000 around 5% in this year at a time when it should have paid well to expand on the assumption, naturally, that the industry must eventually come into its own. Shell Union has powerful subsidiaries covering every phase of oil activity in the United States, and given steady improvement in the industry itself the course of future profits should amply repay a purchase of the shares at the current level.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is one of the best-known and best-managed railways in the world. Looked at from the investment point of view the shares are worth special attention because of the highly progressive nature of the country in which the railway is located. The Canadian Pacific system extends right across Canada, from New Brunswick to Vancouver, with a total of over 20,000 miles, over 5,000 miles of the company's total mileage being in the United States. Since 1912 the common, \$100, shares have received 10% in annual dividends. At the end of 1927 there were remaining of the company's original vast area of land some 5,600,000 acres, 1927 sales reaching the substantial figure of \$5,111,797. The Canadian Pacific management

has been exceptionally enterprising in its choice of investments, from which it not only gains a substantial income but is able to influence traffic to its advantage. Consolidated Smelters is a case in point. The company's holding (believed to be a majority holding) in this concern was acquired for about \$34 a share, with the price early in 1928 \$276. Consolidated Smelters in 1920 showed a deficit before dividends of about \$60,000, while by 1926 the amount available for dividends was \$13,139,957. Canadian Pacific is credited with a large holding in International Nickel, and doubtless has a number of other mining shares in its treasury that should by accumulation bring important traffic to the company. Can. Pacs. are an excellent and progressive investment at the current price.

A PROGRESSIVE BREWING UNDERTAKING

Hoare and Co. is one of the most progressive of the better-known British brewery companies, and indeed might be considered a combine in the trade, for it now owns the Red Lion Brewery, City of London Brewery, Commercial Brewery and Mitcham and Cheam Brewery. Full benefit was received in last year's accounts from the important acquisition of the City of London Brewery. Net profit showed as £544,015 on a capital of £1,919,062, which was about 29%, a truly excellent showing and instancing the wisdom of expanding in progressive directions. In the last few years profits have more than doubled themselves. The dividend for last year amounted to 19% against a former 14%, and judging from the valuable assets which the company certainly possesses in its own business and acquisitions the process of increasing the dividend should not by any means have finished. The financial position is strong with a reserve fund of £1,030,000.

It is said that one of these days the number of brewery units will be heavily decreased owing to the tendency for mergers to concentrate the country's business in the trade ultimately in a few remaining units. If so, a company such as Hoare, with very valuable London properties, will be in the position to develop substantial bargaining power for its properties—if in time it does not itself become one of the "few remaining units."

COMMERCIAL CAR SHARES

Commercial Car manufacturers' shares have for some time been objects of interest on the Stock Exchange. The reasons are mainly because the leading companies have come into prominence arising from foreign and home demand for their products and from the potentialities suggested by the right of the railways to use the roads for motor transportation. The leading companies are Dennis Brothers, Leylands, and Guys; but there are other companies of excellence, such as Maudsleys and Thornycrofts. Leylands are believed to have great possibilities, and holders of the shares, in spite of the involved position of the company's capital, are very confident as to the future. The most stable issue is Dennis Brothers. This company has a fine past history and the name of the company is known all over the world for its outstanding speciality, the fire-engine. In motor vehicles and other lines the company is doing very fine business, and the shares are of special interest in that the next two months should see the report and balance sheet published. The 1s. shares, as written down from £1 by returns of capital, are around 3½, and on the assumption that 5s. dividend at least should be forthcoming the shares are on the under-valued side. The inference is that Dennis will get a good share of railway orders for commercial motor vehicles, so that the business should steadily expand in the future.

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Company Meeting

WATNEY COMBE REID & Co.

GROWING DEMAND FOR BOTTLED BEERS

IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE

The ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Watney Combe Reid and Co., Ltd., was held on August 10 at the Charing Cross Hotel, W.C., Sir H. Cosmo O. Bonsor, Bart. (Chairman), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. H. S. King) read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditor.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said: Ladies and gentlemen,—I will first mention some domestic changes which are not dealt with in the report. Last year I informed you that our old friend and colleague Mr. C. J. Phillips was recovering from a painful illness. When he became convalescent his doctor insisted on his giving up his business activities, and we accepted, with regret, his resignation from our Board. We have not filled the vacancy. We have taken the opportunity of improving our organization; and we have appointed Mr. Bradley as controller of the company and confidential officer between directors and staff. Mr. Bradley, as you are aware, has been our able and successful secretary for 12 years. We have asked him to give up his secretarial duties and to act as an adviser between the numerous departments and the Board. We have appointed Mr. King, who was assistant secretary, to be secretary of the company, and Mr. Karslake as assistant secretary.

QUOTATION OF THE DEFERRED STOCK

I would like to point out that it is extraordinary the muddle financial writers have made of a very simple application to the Stock Exchange. You are aware that our Deferred stock is quoted on the Stock Exchange in multiples of £100, and that on our stock certificates it is stated that the stock can be dealt in in multiples of £1. Last May a stockholder, Mr. Spyer, called our attention to the fact that the Gas Light and Coke Company had arranged with the Stock Exchange Committee to have their stock quoted in multiples of £1, and we made a similar application through our brokers in May last. We were then informed that no decision could be given by the Committee until the result was known of the Companies Bill which was then before Parliament. That Bill has now become law, and we have renewed our application, but are informed that the matter cannot be dealt with until the full Committee of the Stock Exchange is able to meet again, which will be towards the end of September next. I wish to impress on our stockholders that there is absolutely no change; there is no splitting of stock, no suggestion to convert stock into shares; the stock can be dealt in in multiples of £1; and I am almost thinking of becoming a bear or bull of a small odd amount, but I presume the Stock Exchange will deprecate such a deal.

THE YEAR'S TRADE

Trade was bad last autumn, and up to December 31 we showed a decrease on the corresponding period of the previous year. Since January 1 there has been a recovery, and for the six months ended June 30 we show a small increase. The trade in bottled beers continues to grow, and during the last year we sold over 100,000,000 half-pints of all descriptions. In our report we inform you that we have spent, on improving our properties in one way or another, the whole of the £400,000 reserved out of profits last year. This investment has helped us to maintain our sales, and you will observe that there is a satisfactory increase in net rents of £5,000. I say "satisfactory," because during rebuildings and alterations there is of necessity a reduction in the rents receivable, and frequently allowance has to be made to the tenant and his staff for alternative accommodation.

I notice that one of the financial critics made the following remark concerning our report: "Considering that during the year the whole of the £400,000 reserved 12 months ago was spent in the purchase of additional houses, in converting leaseholds into freeholds and in improving the properties, the increase in the trading profit seems a barely adequate reward." I think this statement is the result of some loose thinking. With a little more consideration he would have realized that the conversion of leaseholds into freeholds does not sell more beer, but gives us security of tenure; and, further, that during the period when the properties are being improved trade must actually suffer, as it frequently has to be carried on in a wooden hut or shanty.

STRONG POSITION

Including the £400,000 we are carrying to general reserve this year, that figure will stand at £1,150,000 in the balance-sheet. Individually, I consider that it is a misnomer to call it "a general reserve," which conveys the idea that it is a liquid asset, which could be used for payments in cash. Personally, I think it should be called "undivided profits invested in the business." (Hear, hear.) Last year when we met we had to face a liability to the Government owing to the reduced credit for paying the beer duty and the payment of one whole year's Schedule "A" tax on January 1, totalling together some £300,000. That liability has been met and will not fall upon us again this year. I might mention that our sundry creditors this year include the beer duty previously shown as a separate item, as it now represents the duty owing for the month of June only, which was, of course, paid in the middle of July.

Our liquid assets, which show a reduction of £160,000, amount to £1,450,000, including the £400,000 which we shall carry to reserve for capital expenditure, and they are amply sufficient to keep us in funds without any question of having to borrow for ordinary expenditure. You must remember that April is the month when our cash balance is lowest. The capital liabilities to-day amount to some £250,000—£200,000 on building contracts and some £50,000 for conversion of leaseholds into freeholds, premiums on new leases, etc.

PUBLIC-HOUSE IMPROVEMENT

We are continuing our policy of improving our public-houses, and have now running some 41 contracts in hand and many others under consideration. I am given to understand that a well-known temperance organization is arranging for a party of Labour representatives to visit Carlisle next week with the object of viewing the principal licensed houses in that area, which, as you know, come under the State management scheme. I should like to take this opportunity of extending a cordial invitation to those gentlemen to make a tour of our improved public-houses in London—(hear, hear)—as I feel sure that such houses are second to none in the country, and we would welcome the opportunity of showing them improved houses, especially in working-class districts. (Hear, hear.)

I am glad to report that the Licensing Authorities are more sympathetic and are taking an interest in the restaurant public-houses. I welcome the formation of the Restaurant Public Houses Association, which has been formed with the object of creating a strong public opinion of the value to the community of improved public-houses. The Association seeks to promote closer co-operation between Licensing Justices, brewers and social workers, which it is anticipated will facilitate the favourable consideration of applications made to the Justices for permission to carry out such improvements. The Association includes the names of such well-known social workers as the Marchioness of Londonderry, Bishop Talbot, Sir Francis Morris, the Earl of Sandwich, Sir John and Lady Sykes, Mr. Cecil Chapman and many others, and we hope that their public-spirited work may not only prove successful, but that they will put forward some necessary reforms of the existing restrictions on individual liberty. (Hear, hear.)

I should like to congratulate our stockholders on the excellent way our houses are managed. We are on very friendly terms with all our tenants, and their conduct in carrying on a difficult business should be recognized by our stockholders as it is by the public. (Hear, hear.)

A HAPPY FAMILY

I cannot conclude without telling you of the excellent work, through a difficult year, of all members of our staff—(hear, hear)—from the highest to lowest all take a keen interest in our prosperity. Let me tell you that during the three weeks of exceptional weather in July we received no single complaint of our beer—a great success by our brewing staff. Our bottling departments experienced very high pressure, but every customer was supplied and the loading out and delivery arrangements were also splendid. Last but not least our counting house completed the year's figures in record time, to the great satisfaction of our auditor. If the stockholders support us we are really a very happy family.

Sir Richard Garton, G.B.E. (Deputy-Chairman), seconded the resolution.

Mr. Percival Wolton and Mr. T. Binsted congratulated the directors and the staff upon the results which had been achieved.

The resolution was carried unanimously and a final dividend of 12 per cent., making 19 per cent. for the year, on the Deferred Ordinary stock was declared payable on the 14th inst.

Company Meeting

PICTURE GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

The STATUTORY MEETING of Picture Gramophone Records, Ltd., was held on the 15th inst. at Charing Cross Hotel, W.C., Sir Robert Lynn, M.P., presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. S. C. Golbourn) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said: You will doubtless like to have some details of events which have happened since the incorporation of the company, and I am glad to avail myself of the present opportunity of furnishing you with such information.

Within a few days of the incorporation of the company the directors made arrangements for a preliminary announcement of the prospectus to be advertised and for a copy of the prospectus to appear in the Press in due course. They also made arrangements for a number of prospectuses to be sent out to various persons whom they thought might be interested, and preparations were made to deal with the response by the public, which the directors had every reason to believe would be very general.

After the preliminary announcement and immediately before the general publication of the prospectus another company, claiming to have a patent for the manufacture of thin celluloid records, commenced proceedings against this company without any prior notice, alleging that our process was an infringement of the patent acquired by that other company. A statement that such proceedings had been instituted was authorised in the Press by plaintiffs' solicitors and was widely circulated. The directors cannot but attribute the comparative failure of the general public to apply for shares to that statement.

You will readily understand that as litigation is still pending I cannot comment on the matter or enter into details as to the merits or otherwise of the proceedings taken against the company, but you will recognize that the fact of the issue of the writ at the last moment and without previous notice speaks for itself, and I think I am entitled to inform you that immediately the question of infringement was raised the directors obtained the opinion of counsel who is accepted as being particularly qualified to advise on patent matters. In a written opinion counsel advised without hesitation that the company's process did not in any way infringe the patent mentioned, whereupon the company's solicitors at once wrote to the newspapers in which a reference to the writ had appeared informing the public that the company had been advised that there was no infringement, and further, that the company would indemnify any buyers of the company's records against any proceedings which might be taken against them.

As a further precaution and in addition to the opinion I have mentioned, the directors obtained the joint opinion of King's Counsel and of counsel referred to, which confirmed the opinion previously obtained, and states in the strongest possible terms that our process does not infringe the plaintiffs' patent, supported by reasons for arriving at such conclusion. Every possible step is being taken to have the question of infringement brought to trial as soon as possible, and the directors are confident that the opinion obtained from counsel will be upheld when the case is heard.

The directors also submitted the facts to two different and, in their own sphere, equally eminent members of the Bar, and acting under their advice a writ claiming damages for slander of title has been issued against the Goodson Gramophone Record Company, Ltd., who, it is alleged, were responsible for the statement made to the newspapers, but beyond stating that such action has been commenced I am unable to enter into any details.

A further result of the publicity given to the fact that proceedings had been taken against the company is a postponement by the Committee of the Stock Exchange of permission to deal in the company's shares pending the litigation, but it is intended to renew the application for leave to deal at the earliest possible moment.

You will appreciate that in these circumstances the directors have been placed in considerable difficulty in determining the proper course they should adopt in regard to the affairs of the company. After very careful consideration they have decided not to incur the expense of ordering the machinery necessary for the manufacture of the company's records or to enter into any contracts ancillary thereto without first submitting the whole position to the shareholders. They have, however, taken a lease of the premises at Slough referred to in the prospectus, as the owners of the property were threatening to dispose of them to other persons unless the lease was completed.

In course of the discussion which followed, the vendors stated that pending the result of the patent litigation they would not transfer their shares or use the voting power conferred by their shares to the prejudice of the cash subscribers, and, further, that should liquidation become necessary by reason of that litigation they would not seek to enforce their contracts in the courts nor would they prove in liquidation with the cash subscribers.

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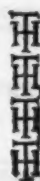
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